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$1.00 OCTOBER, 1973

Playgirl®

THE MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN

FRED WILLIAMSON
Four Page Foldout
Our Man For October

WOMEN AND TAXES:
Inevitable rape

"BEAUTIFUL OHIO"
A new story by
Thomas Tryon

CIRCUMCISION
FOR WOMEN;
The Kindest Cut of All

COZUMEL REMEMBERED
Passion in Blue

Where you hunt makes no difference to us. How you hunt does.

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These days, no woman's fragrance arsenal is complete unless it includes Musk Oil, Civet Oil and Ambergris Oil. By Jovan.

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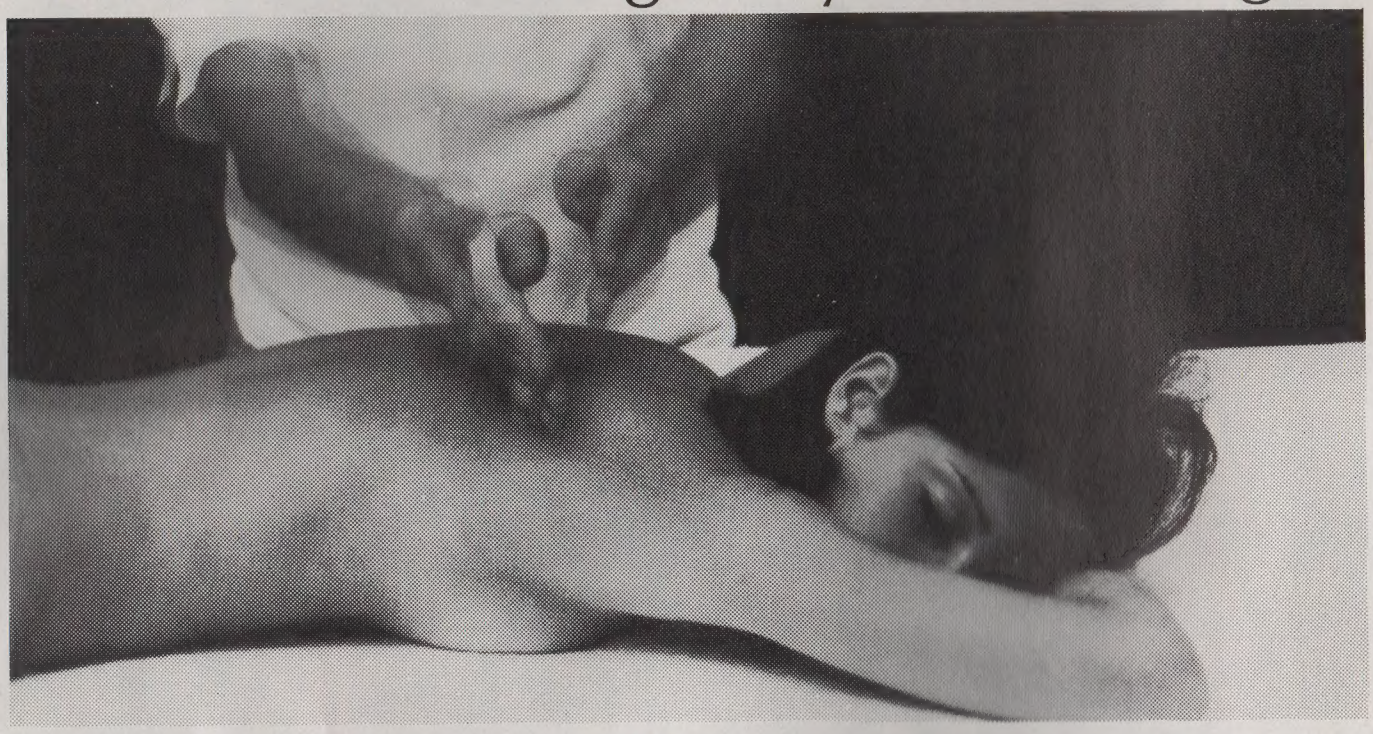

With alternating jets of water instead of hands.

Here's how it works: In the spray position, **Aqua-Massage** produces a three concentric ring, full-coverage spray that flows over you. Simply twist the **Aqua-Massage** to the "massage" position, and direct its massaging "hands" anywhere you like. Soothe aching muscles. Enliven your skin. And step out of every shower smiling all over.

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But that's just half the story. Twist an **Aqua-Massage** shower head to the "massage" position, and get ready for the delight of a professional rub-down.

Utilizing a fluidic principle and no moving parts. It can produce two alternating pulsing jets of water which strike your body anywhere you direct them. To relieve nervous tension and aching muscles in the neck and back. To provide an extra-efficient and penetrating shampoo rinse for even the longest or thickest hair — while massaging the scalp! And to bring a delightful tingling vigor to your entire body. Every time you shower.

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Below is Victoria clutching her tiger, which she received for blowing the socks off an avid admirer, and blow them off she did!!! Victoria had a plan of action back in those days when you courted a lady. She used music — soft, subtle, seductive music churning from her gramophone — to set a mood.

Maybe today's Vicki knows what it's all about, but the person with a plan will still make things happen. We think Victoria's plan of using music was great. However, instead of a gramophone, today we have full stereo featuring the most seductive songs that one could ever think of making love to. Victoria's idea was music — ours is expanded into four stages of love: SEDUCTION, FOREPLAY, PASSION, and CLIMAX. Each record or tape distinguishes between these four steps of lovemaking.

You may want to try any of the four stages; however, we suggest the entire Conquest and program your evening starting with Seduction and ending with Climax. The only other things you need besides this is the right two people and a bottle of champagne, neither of which is included in this offer. Each of these stages contain 16 songs which make them an excellant buy as most tape or records contain 10 or less.

SEDUCTION

Eros - Rod McKuen
Hello, Hello - Claudine Longet
Somethin' Stupid - Frank Sinatra w/ Nancy Sinatra
Live for Life - Ferrante & Teicher
My Rock and Foundation - Peggy Lee
Can't Take My Eyes Off You - Vikki Carr
Strangers in the Night - Frank Sinatra
Moonlight - Shelby Flint
My Sweet Lord - Peggy Lee
Something - Perry Como
Where is Love? - Shirley Bassey
Gimme a Little Kiss, Will Ya Huh? - Dean Martin
This Heart - Sergio Franchi
You Stepped Out of a Dream - Lana Cantrell
Reach Out for Me - Dionne Warwicke
Kaleidoscope - Rod McKuen
Maybe This Time - Tony Bennett

PASSION

The Gentle Touch - Rod McKuen
Quiet Nights of Quiet Stars - Andy Williams
A Man and a Woman - Claudine Longet
We've Only Just Begun - Perry Como
Embraceable You - Andy Williams
Eternity - Vikki Carr
All the Things You Are - John Gary
Tender is the Night - Tony Bennett
I Don't Know How To Love Him - Yvonne Elliman
Je T'aime - Jane Birkin
Clocks - Rod McKuen
Theme From Eros - Rod McKuen
I Will Love You - Shelby Flint
Theme From Mondo Cane - Riz Ortolani
Theme from Romeo and Juliet - Henry Mancini
Theme From Love Story - Henry Mancini
Love Them From Phoedra - Nikis Theodorakis

FOREPLAY

The Love Seekers - Rod McKuen
The Look of Love - Shirley Bassey
Tell Her You Love Her Each Day - Frank Sinatra
I'm Confessin - Dean Martin
All the Things You Are - Lana Cantrell
The More I See You - Sergio Franchi
Fools Rush In - Dean Martin
It's Impossible - Perry Como
Speak Low - Lana Cantrell
When Somebody Loves You - Frank Sinatra
For all We Know - Shirley Bassey
Unchained Melody - John Gary
Take Me for Now Love - Englebert Humperdink
(They Long To Be) Close to You - Dionne Warwicke
The Touch of Your Lips - Andy Williams
The Best is Yet To Come - Tony Bennett
Help Me Make It Through the Night - Peggy Lee

CLIMAX

Something Beyond - Rod McKuen
I've Never Been a Woman Before - Shirley Bassey
For the Good Times - Englebert Humperdinck
My Way - Lana Cantrell
Rules of the Road - Tony Bennett
Stanyan Street - Rod McKuen
As Long As He Needs Me - Dionne Warwick
The Shadow Of Your Smile - Sergio Franchi
You Don't Have to Say You Love Me - Vikki Carr
If Ever I Would Leave You - Andy Williams
There Will Never Be Another You - Lana Cantrell
If You Go Away - Rod McKuen
Smile - Tony Bennett
If You Go - Lana Cantrell
Softly As I Leave You - Frank Sinatra
I Wish You Love - Andy Williams
Somewhere My Love - Ivan Rebroff

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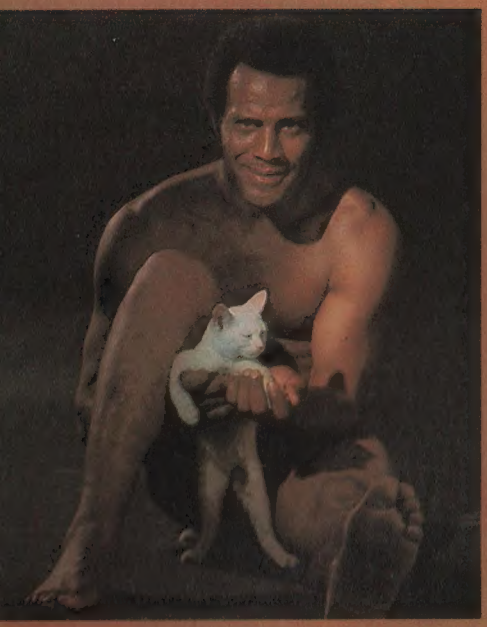

Playgirl

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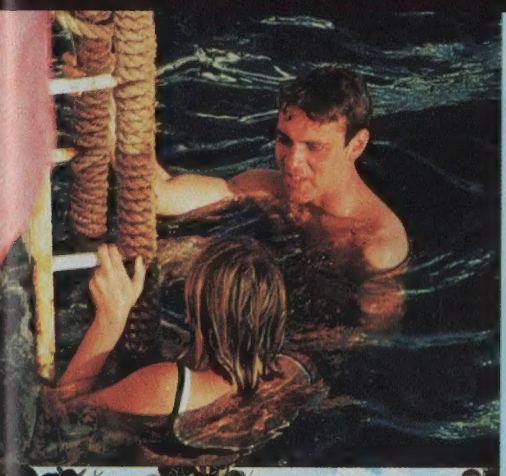

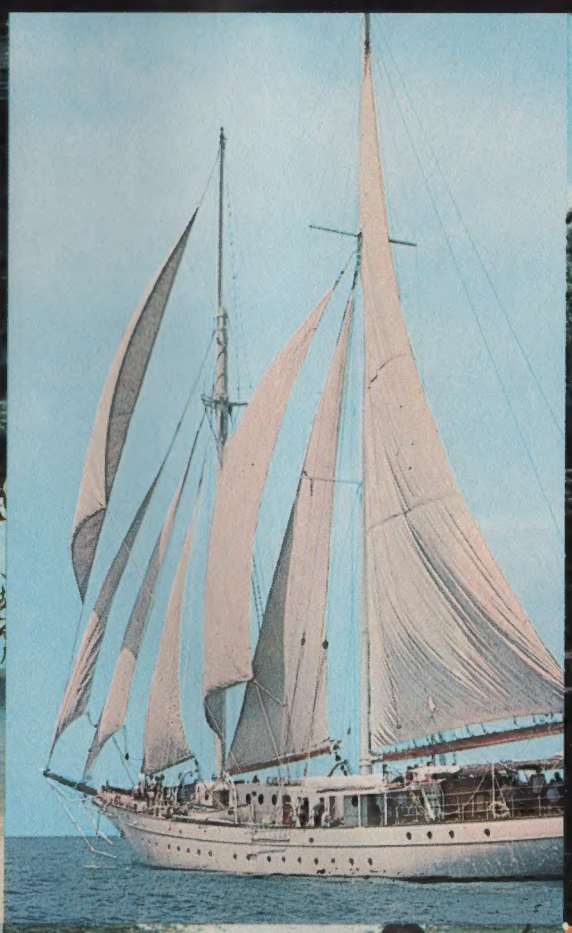

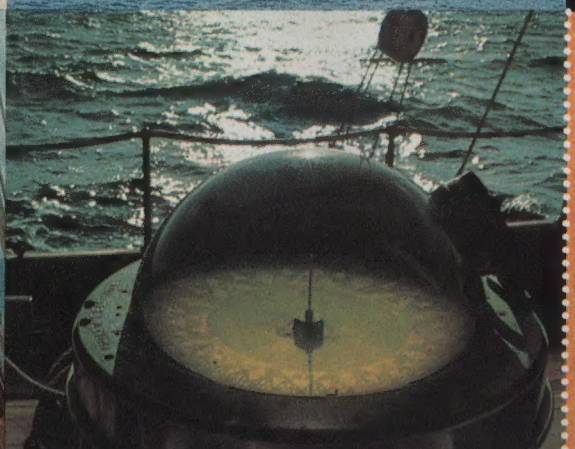

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ORIGINAL ARTISTS

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TITLE	1955	ARTIST
1. Cherry Pink/Apple Blossom White		Perez Prado
2. Rock Around the Clock		Bill Haley
3. *Autumn Leaves*		Roger Williams
4. Yellow Rose of Texas		Mitch Miller
5. Love Is A Many Splendored Thing		Four Aces
6. Moments to Remember		Four Lads
7. Ain't That A Shame		Pat Boone
8. Crazy Otto		Johnny Maddox
9. Hearts of Stone		Fontane Sisters
10. Let Me Go, Lover		Joan Weber
11. He		Al Hibbler
12. I Hear You Knockin'		Gale Storm
13. *Unchained* Melody		Al Hibbler
14. Till		Roger Williams
15. March from the River Kwai		Mitch Miller
16. *Friendly* Persuasion		Pat Boone

TITLE	1956	ARTIST
1. Heartbreak Hotel		Elvis Presley
2. I Want, I Need, I Love You		Elvis Presley
3. Hound Dog		Elvis Presley
4. Don't Be Cruel		Elvis Presley
5. Love Me Tender		Elvis Presley
6. My Prayer		The Platters
7. Only You		The Platters
8. The Great Pretender		The Platters
9. Green Door		Jim Lowe
10. Singing The Blues		Guy Mitchell
11. Poor People of Paris		Les Baxter
12. Whatever Will Be, Will Be		Doris Day
13. Canadian Sunset		Hugo Winterhalter
14. Allegheny Moon		Patti Page
15. I Almost Lost My Mind		Pat Boone
16. Memories Are Made Of This		Dean Martin

TITLE	1957	ARTIST
1. Bye, Bye Love		Everly Brothers
2. Problems		Everly Brothers
3. Love Letters In The Sand		Pat Boone
4. April Love		Pat Boone
5. Don't Forbid Me		Pat Boone
6. Loving You		Elvis Presley
7. Teddy Bear		Elvis Presley
8. All Shook Up		Elvis Presley
9. That's When Heartaches Begin		Elvis Presley
10. Little Darlin'		Diamonds
11. Searchin'		Coasters
12. Young Love		Sonny James
13. Silhouettes		Rays
14. Gone		Ferlin Husky
15. So Rare		Jimmy Dorsey
16. White Sport Coat		Marty Robbins

TITLE	1958	ARTIST
1. It's All In The Game		Tommy Edwards
2. Twilight Time		The Platters
3. All I Have To Do Is Dream		Everly Brothers
4. Bird Dog		Everly Brothers
5. Patricia		Perez Prado
6. Volare (Nel Blu Di Pinto Di Blue)		Domenico Modugno
7. Little Star		Elegants
8. Don't		Elvis Presley
9. Tom Dooley		Kingston Trio
10. Get A Job		Silhouettes
11. Purple People Eater		Sheb Wooley
12. Poor Little Fool		Ricky Nelson
13. Yakety Yak		Coasters
14. Great Balls of Fire		Jerry Lee Lewis
15. At The Hop		Danny and the Juniors
16. Peggy Sue		Buddy Holly

TITLE	1959	ARTIST
1. Mack The Knife		Bobby Darin
2. Dream Lover		Bobby Darin
3. Smoke Gets In Your Eyes		The Platters
4. El Paso		Marty Robbins
5. Stagger Lee		Lloyd Price
6. Personality		Lloyd Price
7. Donna		Ritchie Valens
8. La Bamba		Ritchie Valens
9. Charlie Brown		Coasters
10. Kansas City		Wilbert Harrison
11. Sleep Walk		Santo and Johnny
12. The Happy Organ		Dave (Baby) Cortez
13. Heartaches By The Number		Guy Mitchell
14. My Heart Is An Open Book		Carl Dobkins, Jr.
15. Venus		Frankie Avalon
16. Lonesome Town		Ricky Nelson

TITLE	1960	ARTIST
1. Theme From A Summer Place		Percy Faith
2. It's Now Or Never		Elvis Presley
3. Stuck On You		Elvis Presley
4. I'm Sorry		Brenda Lee
5. He'll Have To Go		Jim Reeves
6. Cathy's Clown		Everly Brothers
7. Running Bear		Johnny Preston
8. Last Date		Floyd Cramer
9. Save The Last Dance For Me		Drifters
10. Greenfields		Brothers Four
11. A Thousand Stars		Kathy Young
12. You Send Me		Sam Cooke
13. Wonderful World		Sam Cooke
14. Itsy Bitsy Teenie Weenie Bikini		Brian Hyland
15. Handy Man		Jimmy Jones
16. Good Timin'		Jimmy Jones

TITLE	1961	ARTIST
1. Tossin' and Turnin'		Bobby Lewis
2. Big Bad John		Jimmy Dean
3. Exodus		Ferrante and Teicher
4. Runaway		Del Shannon
5. Runaround Sue		Dion
6. Will You Love Me Tomorrow		Shirelles
7. Travelin' Man		Ricky Nelson
8. Michael		Highwaymen
9. The Lion Sleeps Tonight		Tokens
10. Bristol Stomp		Dovells
11. Blue Moon		Marcels
12. Surrender		Elvis Presley
13. Take Good Care Of My Baby		Bobby Vee
14. Hit The Road, Jack		Ray Charles
15. Run To Him		Bobby Vee
16. Crying		Roy Orbison

TITLE	1962	ARTIST
1. I Can't Stop Loving You		Ray Charles
2. Big Girls Don't Cry		Four Seasons
3. Roses Are Red		Bobby Vinton
4. Stranger On The Shore		Acker Bilk
5. Sherry		Four Seasons
6. Johnny Angel		Shelly Fabares
7. Return To Sender		Elvis Presley
8. Soldier Boy		Shirelles
9. The Stripper		David Rose
10. Breaking Up Is Hard To Do		Neil Sedaka
11. Ramblin' Rose		Nat King Cole
12. Good Luck Charm		Elvis Presley
13. Loco-Motion		Little Eva
14. Bobby's Girl		Marcie Blane
15. Monster Mash		Bobby Pickett
16. The Wanderer		Dion

TITLE	1963	ARTIST
1. Sugar Shack		Jimmy Gilmer
2. He's So Fine		Chiffons
3. Hey, Paula		Paul and Paula
4. Blue Velvet		Bobby Vinton
5. Louie, Louie		Kingsmen
6. Sukiyaki		Kyu Sakamoto
7. My Boyfriend's Back		Angels
8. I Will Follow Him		Little Peggy March
9. Walk Like A Man		Four Seasons
10. It's My Party		Lesley Gore
11. Surf City		Jan & Dean
12. I'm Leaving It Up To You		Dale & Grace
13. Deep Purple		Nino Tempo-April Stevens
14. Stay		Maurice Williams
15. If You Wanna Be Happy		Jimmy Soul
16. Our Day Will Come		Ruby & The Romantics

TITLE	1964	ARTIST
1. Anyone Who Had A Heart		Dionne Warwick
2. Laugh, Laugh		Beau Brummels
3. A Summer Song		Chad & Jeremy
4. It's Not Unusual		Tom Jones
5. Baby, I'm Yours		Barbara Lewis
6. Girl From Ipanema (Full Version)		Getz/Gilberto
7. Last Kiss		J. Frank Wilson
8. Hello, Dolly!		Louis Armstrong
9. I Get Around		Beach Boys
10. Where Did Our Love Go		Supremes
11. Mr. Lonely		Bobby Vinton
12. Do Wah Diddy Diddy		Manfred Mann
13. Everybody Loves Somebody		Dean Martin
14. Chapel Of Love		Dixie Cups
15. Rag Doll		Four Seasons
16. Leader Of The Pack		Shangri-Las

TITLE	1965	ARTIST
1. Satisfaction		Rolling Stones
2. You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin		Righteous Brothers
3. Downtown		Petula Clark
4. Turn! Turn! Turn!		Byrds
5. Stop! In The Name Of Love		Supremes
6. Liar, Liar		Castaways
7. Do You Believe In Magic		Lovin Spoonful
8. What Becomes Of The Brokenhearted		Jimmy Ruffin
9. This Diamond Ring		Gary Lewis & Playboys
10. My Girl		Temptations
11. I Got You Babe		Sonny and Cher
12. Get Off My Cloud		Rolling Stones
13. Sounds of Silence		Simon and Garfunkel
14. Help Me Rhonda		Beach Boys
15. Tambourine Man		Byrds
16. Eve of Destruction		Barry McGuire

TITLE	1966	ARTIST
1. I'm A Believer		Monkees
2. Winchester Cathedral		New Vaudeville Band
3. 96 Tears		? and the Mysterians
4. Soul and Inspiration		Righteous Brothers
5. Snoopy and the Red Baron		Royal Guardsmen
6. Monday, Monday		Mama's and Papa's
7. Good Vibrations		Beach Boys
8. Reach Out, I'll Be There		Four Tops
9. Cherish		Association
10. Good Lovin'		Young Rascals
11. Sunshine Superman		Donovan
12. Wild Thing		Troggs
13. Strangers In The Night		Frank Sinatra
14. Poor Side Of Town		Johnny Rivers
15. When A Man Loves A Woman		Percy Sledge
16. Hanky Panky		Tommy James

TITLE	1967	ARTIST
1. Ode To Billie Joe		Bobbie Gentry
2. Daydream Believer		Monkees
3. Light My Fire		Doors
4. The Letter		Box Tops
5. Windy		Association
6. Groovin'		Young Rascals
7. Incense & Peppermints		Strawberry Alarm Clock
8. Little Bit O' Soul		Music Explosion
9. Never My Love		Association
10. Can't Take My Eyes Off You		Frankie Valli
11. Kind Of A Drag		Buckinghams
12. Pied Piper		Crispian St. Peters
13. Woman, Woman		Gary Puckett/Union Gap
14. Ruby Tuesday		Rolling Stones
15. I Was Made To Love Her		Stevie Wonder
16. Sweet Soul Music		Arthur Conley

TITLE	1968	ARTIST
1. Atlantis		Donovan
2. I Heard Through The Grapevine		Marvin Gaye
3. Love Is Blue		Paul Mauriat
4. Love Child		Diana Ross/Supremes
5. Sittin' On The Dock Of The Bay		Otis Redding
6. Hi-Heel Sneakers		Bobby Golsboro
7. People Got To Be Free		Rascals
8. This Guy's In Love With You		Herb Alpert
9. Harper Valley P.T.A.		Jeannie C. Riley
10. Hello, I Love You		Doors
11. For Once In My Life		Stevie Wonder
12. Those Were The Days		Mary Hopkin
13. Little Green Apples		O. C. Smith
14. Green Tamborine		Lemon Pipers
15. Cry Like A Baby		Box Tops
16. Mrs. Robinson		Simon and Garfunkel

TITLE	1969	ARTIST
1. Sugar, Sugar		Archies
2. Aquarius/Let The Sunshine In		Fifth Dimension
3. Honky Tonk Women		Rolling Stones
4. Everyday People		Sly & Family Stones
5. Crimson and Clover		Tommy James Shondells
6. By The Time I Get To Phoenix		Glen Campbell
7. In The Year 2525		Zager and Evans
8. Leaving On A Jet Plane		Peter, Paul & Mary
9. Someday We'll Be Together		Diana Ross/Supremes
10. Crystal Blue Persuasion		Tommy James Shondells
11. Hair		Cowsills
12. Spinning Wheel		Blood, Sweat & Tears
13. I'm Gonna Make You Love Me		Supremes & Temptations
14. A Boy Named Sue		Johnny Cash
15. Proud Mary		Credence Clearwater
16. Green River		Credence Clearwater

TITLE	1970	ARTIST
1. Raindrops Fallin On My Head		B. J. Thomas
2. Bridge Over Troubled Water		Simon and Garfunkel
3. Close To You		Carpenters
4. I Think I Love You		Partridge Family
5. Pinball Wizard (Original Version)		The Who
6. Rose Garden		Lynn Anderson
7. Mr. Business Man		Ray Stevens
8. One Less Bell To Answer		Fifth Dimension
9. War		Edwin Starr
10. A-B-C		Jackson Five
11. Mama Told Me (Not to Come)		Three Dog Night
12. Make It With You		Bread
13. American Woman		Guess Who
14. We've Only Just Begun		Carpenters
15. Crackin' Rose		Neil Diamond
16. Everything is Beautiful		Ray Stevens

TITLE	1971	ARTIST
1. Brown Sugar		Rolling Stones
2. Want Ads		Honey Cone
3. If		Bread
4. Sweet Hitch-Hiker		CCR
5. Sweet Mary		Wadsworth Mansion
6. Country Roads		John Denver
7. How Mend A Broken Heart		Bee Gees
8. I Am I Said		Neil Diamond
9. Walk Away		James Gang
10. Maggie May (Full Version)		Rod Stewart
11. Loving Her Was Easier		Kris Kristofferson
12. Old Fashioned Love Song		Three Dog Night
13. Do You Know What I Mean		Lee Michaels
14. It's Too Late		Carole King
15. Story In Your Eyes		Moody Blues
16. Wild World		Cat Stevens

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Editor's Column

"In my mind there is nothing so ill bred as audible laughter." So said the dullest man who ever lived, the 4th Earl of Chesterfield.

I prefer Carlyle. "No man (whether or not a woman laughed in Carlyle's late 19th century was apparently of little consequence) who once heartily and wholly laughed can be altogether and irreclaimably depraved." Then there was the good doctor Hufeland, who thought laughing was an aid to digestion, which may be the reason I like to share my morning coffee and croissants with Senator Sam Ervin.

As to the smiling countenance above, I'd just been told we are going to one million six hundred thousand copies on this, our fifth issue. Women undeniably have a new cause—Playgirl.

I'm smiling, too, because this issue is a particular delight, from the gorgeous pictures taken by our Art Director, Norbert Jobst, in Cozumel, Mexico, to Cathrine Kellison's piece on the highly controversial subject of circumcision for women.

The first woman to have three consecutive books on the best seller list, Jacqueline Susann is bright and witty and always good copy. I was guest on a television panel with Jackie in Boston — The Sonya Hamlin Show, to be specific. Naturally, the conversation turned to the subject of male nudity. "A man is turned on by what a woman has down here," Jackie pointed to her lap, "but a woman is turned on by a man's smile, by his eyes, his mind." It took me sixty seconds to convince Jackie to analyze her reaction. Haven't women, in fact, been brainwashed into believing that? Jackie acquiesced charmingly. And now I've asked writer Judith Dancoff to explore the subject for the next issue of Playgirl, interviewing some of the top people in the field of human behavior.

"Fur Baby," page 48, is an extraordinary short story written by Richard Selzer, a surgeon/author who lives in New Haven, Conn. A collection of his short stories entitled *Rituals of Surgery* will be published by Harper's Magazine Press in January. I'm pleased that you will read "Fur Baby" for the first time in Playgirl. Another delight — Thomas Tryon who sparks memory and mood, weaving his particular magic in "Beautiful Ohio," a story of love and conflict set in Tom's native New England.

Which brings me to our centerfold, Fred Williamson, and an evening in the Tulip Room of New York's Plaza Hotel. I was in the east for some interviews, and Fred was there shooting his latest film, *Black Caesar*.

"I'm exciting, handsome, devastating," he began — and that was *only* the beginning. I sipped my scotch and listened and wondered why I wasn't turned off by his ego. But it is something of a facade, and you sense that. More importantly, there is the saving grace of humor. I can even imagine moments when he is shaving, or pulling on his pocketless, zipperless jersey pants, or filling his lungs with chest-expanding air that Fred Williamson catches sight of his handsome, towering self — and breaks up.

When I asked him point blank if the bravado was part of the show, he gave me a slow smile. "That's for me to know, and you to find out."

And that's exactly what I expected him to say.

Until next month.

Marin Scott Williams

IN·TER·COURSE

Five Minutes— Twenty-Five Dollars

Gentlemen:

I am writing this letter after reading the article on abortion by Stephanie Caruana in the August issue of Playgirl. I bought this magazine at 10:00 P.M. Monday night and was scheduled for an abortion the next morning at 10:00 A.M. Here is my story:

On June 29th, Friday, my doctor informed me that I was ten weeks pregnant. He would not perform the abortion himself but he said I could go to Milwaukee or try a phone number he gave me. Well, I had heard about Michael Reese Hospital's Abortion Clinic from television. *It was supposed to be fast, reasonable, and medically safe according to state law.* I called them and they told me that since I wasn't registered there I had to go through a Planned Parenthood organization of some kind to be counselled and then referred back to Michael Reese. They gave me some numbers to call. Monday, the 2nd of July, I called Planned Parenthood and told them my problem and that I didn't have too much time to waste. They made an appointment for me to see them the next day, Tuesday, the 3rd of July. I went there and the Counselor sat me down, told me how much the abortion would cost, what I would need to bring with me to the hospital, how much time it would take, a little information on the procedure, my day for having it done (which was Friday, the 6th of July) and then *told* me that I was to give them some kind of contribution ($5-$10) for their time and effort.

I got a phone call on Thursday at work from Michael Reese Hospital asking for some medical history and confirming my date for admission as *Tuesday, the 10th of July*. Well, I raised hell all through the hospital then I called up Planned Parenthood and yelled and screamed that I had made all the arrangements for Friday and I was ending my eleventh week, etc. But it all fell on deaf ears. Someone goofed. They had their quota of girls for Friday and there was not a thing anyone could do or wanted to do.

I got to the hospital Tuesday at 9:30 A.M. There were five of us there for the same reason. After about two hours of paperwork, blood and urine specimens, and an assignment of beds, we were given a speech on birth control and how we shouldn't have been so lax about it. Hah, I am 28 years old, divorced, and a mother of an eight-year-old son, and my birth control (I.U.D.), which I paid $50 for last year, was still inside me when I went for the abortion!

We were then told to go across the street to get something to eat. When we got back, social workers were there to talk to us about why we were doing this, had we thought it over carefully, would we be sorry, etc. Then we had a half hour dissertation on all of the preferred forms of birth control. They were insulting my intelligence. No privacy, no seclusion, almost as though the hospital were embarrassing us into being taught a lesson so as not to be so careless the next time. Then the doctor made his rounds to check all of us, and we were scheduled for surgery at 3:00 P.M.

We were supposed to be given a local anesthetic and were supposed to be numb and not feel anything. (I have a very low tolerance to pain and asked for a general anesthetic and they told me it would be another $35 over and above the $175, and also that the hospital just did not give generals for this kind of an operation.) They not only didn't give us any kind of tranquilizer or pain killer before the abortion, but I know they did not give us anything, even a local, during the operation, because I paid them all that money for the most pain I and all the other girls have ever had.

We were herded into the surgical waiting room together and had to sit and watch one at a time go into the next room for her operation.

It wasn't until 4:00 in the afternoon that I had mine. *(We were told that it would be done first thing in the morning so that we would have the rest of the day to rest, which was a state law.)*

At 5:00 P.M. they were feeding us and at 5:30 they were kicking us out of the hospital (we were supposed to make arrangements to be there until 7:00 P.M.).

I was in a lot of pain and asked for something to ease it, and all I got were a lot of pills to stop infection. Almost like they wanted us to remember the pain.

For a 10 to 15 minute operation of which you write as being quite simple and inexpensive, I spent $185, ten hours Tuesday, and eight hours Wednesday out of work, and was never so humiliated and embarrassed and in so much pain in my life.

My reason for writing this story is maybe something can be done here in Illinois to help the women and teenagers, and improve these outrageous and outdated conditions that do not have to exist.

Thank you,
Donna Shomer
Schaumburg, Illinois 60172
CC: American Medical Association
Chicago Today News
Chicago Sun Times
Chicago Daily News

Critiques

Thumbing through the July issue of Playgirl . . . ahhh! . . . hmmm . . . nice, very nice . . . Oh, good, the astrology pages . . . Capricorn . . . Aquarius . . . Pisces . . . MY GOD! Is that —is that his KNEE? Is that really his left knee? What is that lump on his left knee? Is that trick photography? WHAT IS THAT?

Incredulously,
Kathi Garner
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

(It's his big toe. Ed.)

Women lusting after the gnomish Onassis and Kissinger (On The Prowl, June, July) is as ludicrous as a man lusting after Golda Meir. I am 52 years old myself and know most men are capable of an erection, but it makes all the difference in the world what that erection is attached to. Give me Ryan O'Neal or Alain Delon today, or any day of the week. Or, for that matter, any one of hundreds of gorgeous *young*, firm lifeguards, construction workers, or students I and many other fully heterosexual women ogle every day, without noting their "smooth" ways, but just their fabulous anatomies.

Appreciatively,
Andrea McAlester
Arlington, Va.

I do not think that I have ever reacted as strongly to a magazine as I have to Playgirl. I certainly have never written a letter, and I do a lot of writing. I am interested in art, travel, and literature, and it is only through a magazine that I can appreciate people *au naturel* in privacy and within the limits of the law. You have made an excellent attempt to appeal to the aesthetically erotic and intellectual capacities of the female individual. Although recently married, I am turned off totally by sketches which belong in *Better Homes and Gardens, Mademoiselle,* and *Ladies' Home Journal*. It is probably due to the fact that I have been educated and have travelled under my own auspices. In this background, I am far from alone, and I am sure that this is the general market for which you are aiming—women who are their own people — married or unmarried.

Mary Ellen Lincourt
Fulton, New York

I feel I'm a very lucky woman to have a husband such as mine, who visibly enjoys a full-bosomed female, yet who fell in love with and married me, a *double* mastectomy person with cervix and the rest of my female organs removed. But we enjoy our love making, and each thinks that the other partner is great. Since I had been married three times previously and my husband twice, we were pretty cautious. Besides, we didn't want the children hurt anymore. Altogether there are 8 — 6 boys and 2 girls.

The whole family looks at and reads Playgirl, and let me say that there are no body hangups!

Ruth Yung
Middleburgh, N.Y.

I would like to live long enough to see the day when men and women regard each other with mutual respect and admiration. There are, I am told, a few isolated cases in which these considerate ingredients are making for two well-adjusted, reasonably happy people. But why should a relationship of this nature be the exception rather than the rule?

It certainly seems as though men generally are refusing to accept the fact that their once sacred, double standard worm has turned. Some women are having a hearty laugh at the dismay, disdain, and outright anger of the men who consider themselves threatened. I feel pity for those poor dudes whose papier-maché worlds are sagging, crumbling, and coming completely unglued under such a light sprinkling of truth. I am

also happily single as a result of too many encounters with a wide variety of confused hypocrites.

In conclusion, as a former fine arts student, I found your photographs absolutely delightful. The full-length Nude Discovery prompted me to run for my sketch book. (Not to mention a cold shower as an afterthought.) Super!

Thank you for your efforts, and I am looking forward to the next issue.

Most sincerely,
Elizabeth Lorraine O'Connor
Rochester, N.Y.

Re Letters:

In regard to the letter from the chap who claimed "Talk about Penis Envy!"... I'd like to remind him that Playboy, Swank, Sir, Penthouse, etc. have been out far longer than our Playgirl has, and it seems that men buy these—not women. Talk about "Breast—etc. Envy!"—How dare he. The poor boy. It seems his pride is hurt, because more and more women *are* admitting they enjoy a nude male. The men have had their enjoyment all this time. Now it's our turn and I think it's great! But "Penis Envy"? Oh, brother. This guy better bring his ego in for repairs. (His psychology went out with Freud!)

Corki
Elmhurst, New York

P.S. I hope you can find space to print up my letter (or should I say rebuttal) to that guy. Maybe he's been meeting the wrong kind of girls.

Flip Side

I wish to take this opportunity to tell you how pleased I (and thousands of others, no doubt) am to see American women finally saying, in effect, that men can be beautiful, too.

Though I am barely thirty, I still haven't forgotten the years of hearing how "girls are made of sugar, spice . . ." Understandably, many of us guys grow up viewing male nudity as something so repugnant and aesthetically distasteful that we grow uptight at the sight of a bare chest and downright hysterical if any more male dermis is revealed.

Maybe, with the help of Playgirl, men will eventually come to see that the naked male form need not always be the target of jeers, derision, and howls of laughter.

Ironic, isn't it, that a magazine for your girls could prove to make us guys have an appreciation of our own bodies; on the other hand, our centerfolds have for years let you gals know we appreciate your beauty.

In closing, I wish to extend you the finest compliment I can think of: subscriptions for my sister and for several friends . . . some single, some married, but all people who will appreciate the high quality of Playgirl.

Very sincerely,
Brian May

Until now the best hair conditioner, and baldness preventative went on your head. Now it goes in your mouth.

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Read these facts about hair conditioning and a well balanced diet. It's amazing that it's so simple.

Major nutritionists have known for years that the best hair conditioner is a well balanced diet. But, government surveys show that many people don't get a well balanced diet. Not with hectic schedules, poor eating habits, processed foods, preservatives that preserve but destroy food value and just plain lack of nutritional knowledge. A steady diet of wheat germ, fish oils, kelp, raw vegetables and other pure vitamin and mineral sources can give your body the food that it needs to be its healthiest.

That's the hard way.

And it still will not do the job that Head Start will for your hair.

Head Start is a vitamin and mineral compound especially formulated to condition your hair.

Unfortunately, as we grow older the tiny capillaries in our outer extremities tend to break down. The top of the head is one of the first places this occurs. When the capillaries break down they are no longer able to carry blood to the roots of your hair. The "frizzes" are one of the first signs that your hair is starving to death.

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That's why Cosvetic Laboratories developed Head Start. To supplement your diet. With the vitamins and minerals that major nutritionists believe are responsible for healthy hair in both men and women alike. Head Start is an excellent hair conditioner. It actually dilates your capillaries. Even proper diet will not do this. And it is a vitamin and mineral compound that is not available from any other commercial vitamin source. It simply provides your hair with the food that it needs to stay alive. And healthy. From the inside out.

Is Head Start an effective baldness preventative?

Baldness occurs for the same reason that dry unconditioned hair does and is not limited to men. (There are over 7,000,000 men and women in America today that suffer from some correctable hair and scalp disorder.)

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After 1 1/2 years of testing, results show that Head Start can arrest balding, condition hair and in some cases new growth began after conscientious and continous use.

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A DOCTOR'S OPINION

Diane S. Fordney Settlage, M.D., M.S.

Q. I had an abortion two months ago. Last night we had intercourse for the first time and my boyfriend said he "couldn't reach the end of me anymore." I feel really bad, like maybe he won't enjoy making love to me anymore. What do you think is wrong?

A. After an abortion, a couple may notice changes in their sexual contact at first. Abortion is done either by salt water injection into the bag of waters in the uterus, (amniocentesis for saline induction of abortion), or by stretching open the mouth of the uterus, the cervix, to empty the uterus with surgical instruments (dilation and curettage or suction curettage). Nothing that was done with the abortion could cause either your vagina to be longer or to move the cervix at the end of the vagina away from its usual position. The only possible change is that your uterus and cervix might be a little larger than before which is caused by the pregnancy and not by the abortion. Do not worry about the abortion's causing a physical difference.

Certain positions for intercourse make it less likely that a man would feel the cervix than other positions. If either of you were concerned about being normal following your abortion, he might unconsciously have avoided deep penetration or you might have been tense so that he could not have penetrated you as deeply. If you have not talked about how each of you reacted to your pregnancy and abortion, his comment may just have been his way of saying, "Is she different?" Few people really understand exactly what happens with an abortion. This is especially true for the man as he usually is not involved in discussions about it. Your boyfriend may well have deep concerns about what happened to you, hurting you now, and guilt about his responsibility for both the pregnancy and subsequent abortion. It is very important to discuss it with him. For both of you, sexual intercourse has been proven to result in *your* pregnancy, and the resulting emotional upheaval, plus the decision for an abortion, are powerful enough to affect your sexual and total relationship unless you understand each other's concerns and feelings. Once you have accomplished that, there is no physical or emotional reason why your sexual enjoyment should change provided you are using an effective means of birth control.

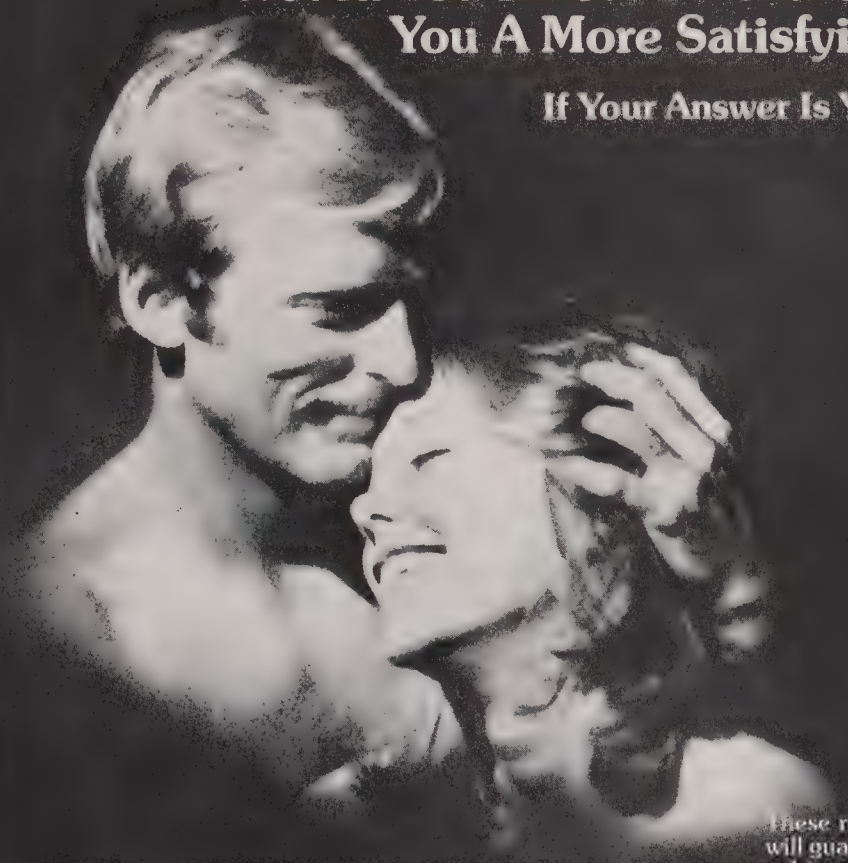
Q. I have had a lover for eight months; he is impotent and therefore our relationship is very straight. Please explain this problem to me and advise me if it is linked with sterility. Also, what is impotence?

A. You describe him as your lover though this most usually means a person with whom you have sexual intercourse. I assume you are in love with him and are concerned about what your sexual relationship and ability to have children might be in the future. Impotence means that a man is unable to get or keep an erection in order to have sexual intercourse. All men have impotence once in a while, especially if they use certain drugs or are heavy drinkers; but impotence as a problem means that it occurs most of the time when he tries to have intercourse. If this is his problem, then he would be unable to ejaculate, or release sperm and semen, into your vagina and you would not be able to have children. If he were able to masturbate and release semen, it could be used for artificial insemination if you wanted to become pregnant. Occasionally, impotence is caused by a physical or medical condition. Usually, however, impotence is present only when a man wants to have intercourse with his partner (or sometimes with any woman) and there's a relationship or psychological problem that does not effect his ability to have an erection or to ejaculate under other circumstances. It is possible that your lover does not have impotence but a different kind of difficulty in his sexual functioning. If you are unable to have sex or it is unsatisfying for you, professional treatment can produce good results for you both. □

Write to Dr. Settlage in care of PLAYGIRL, P.O. Box 67567, Century City, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Would You Invest 1 Minute A Day If We *Guaranteed* You A More Satisfying and Exciting Sex Life?

If Your Answer Is Yes, Read Every Word On This Page!



In 1947, a gynecologist, working with exercises to improve bladder control in females found that many women, because of these exercises, also had greater strength and tone of their vaginal muscles. In many instances, this increased, and consequently improved and heightened their pleasure in sexual intercourse.

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The purpose of the Gynetone program is to increase the tone and voluntary control of the inner thigh and vaginal muscle groups and to increase sexual enjoyment. For the woman...and her partner.

In testing the Gynetone system, in addition to certain objective results such as controlled measurements of voluntary vaginal muscle contractions, the following subjective information was gathered from women taking part in the testing:

Question: Have you noticed any difference in intercourse after using the instrument for the ten-day program?

Results: 88% of the patients stated that intercourse was improved and more enjoyable.

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Results: 60% of husbands felt there was definite improvement.

Question: Are you aware of improved control of your vaginal muscles?

Results: 96% felt there was greater control and strength of their vaginal musculature.

Question: Are you aware of improved inner thigh tone?

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God Bless You, Kutztown, Pa.

by Angela Dunn • What's washed-out green all over, has merit badges, is ecology-minded, and helps a girl cross the street into a whole new world of meeting men? A recycled boy scout shirt!

I got mine (for a great big buck and a half) at a local boutique that imports such goodies from *The Rag Machine* in Kutztown, Pennsylvania, a place I've learned to love. They'll never know what one well-used, slightly beat up boy scout shirt did for this girl, far and beyond the duty described on the tag.

"The recycled rag," their literature explains, "is a garment evolved from the people to become street fashion and is, therefore, a political symbol typifying the economic and ecologically minded. In a functional and simple manner, *The Rag Machine* fulfills the basic need of man to clothe himself."

That's just what I had in mind. A man's basic needs were exactly what I hoped to fulfill! Besides, I'm a sucker for a uniform, any uniform. It means belonging, importance, a feeling of being protected by some larger, stronger power. It also happens to be a perfect excuse for interested strangers to approach you, as I discovered on my very first scouting outing.

Take the extremely attractive ex-Marine (I did) who marched right up to me as I stood in line at my bank one day, glanced quickly from side to side, then whispered confidentially, "Don't look now, lady, but I think you've lost your troop!" He promoted me straight to the parking lot to admire his 1937 rebuilt Cord and then to a meaningful relationship that lasted a week.

Next, I met a handsome actor at the laundromat whose overture was strictly geographical. "How are things in Rantoul, Illinois? I haven't been home for five years!" He gave the line a reading right out of *Our Town* and patted the emblem on my shoulder, a bold red and white insignia embroidered, "Troop 30 — Rantoul, Illinois." "I really wouldn't know," I turned sharply front and center, "I'm from Kutztown, Pennsylvania, I mean the shirt is. . . ." Which led to why we both liked California, what it means to be a boy scout, and how about helping him fold, pack, and cart his linens back to his studio apartment just around the corner where we could watch the sunset, television, and each other.

My merit badges provided another introduction, this time in the elevator of a Beverly Hills office building. "Diving? Canoeing? Sea Rescue? Bed Wetting??? I give up," the well-dressed stock broker laughed pointing to one of the awards on my shirt front which had an obscure water motif. "Mouth-to-Mouth Resuscitation and Other Foreplay-Like Activity," I bragged, starting something I could not possibly finish!

Then there was this marvelous man in the mountains, a local resident and sole occupant of anyone's dream cabin, who mistook me for a forest ranger and shouted, "I'm clearing the brush right now!" "That's fine," I yelled back, "but I want to inspect your area anyway!" In a few seconds I had decreased the distance between us to sufficiently destroy the authoritative image I had managed to project at 100 yards. "Good grief, Charlie Brown," he beamed, "isn't there a law against impersonating Smokey the Bear?" We surveyed one another and I'm pleased to report that I not only approved his property, I personally helped him meet all requirements. I even helped him clear the brush.

The most direct opener I received was also my shortest romance. An affable, middle-aged drunk at the market was bumping his cart into everything, including me, and could barely focus let alone talk without considerable exercise of his facial muscles. Squinting and staggering, he slowly made the inquiry, "Wash armee izat?" "Boy Scouts of America, Troop 30, Rantoul, Illinois, Sir!" I stood at attention, eyes bright, winning smile, chest out. "Wanna no sumpin', sweetheart," he grinned, "itza first time I've ever wanted ta kissa boy scout!"

Over and above these and other demonstrative developments, I have been waved to by highway patrol, saluted by the Green Berets, whistled at by passing drivers, followed by groups of small boys, given the peace sign by hippies, politely questioned by the police, and thanks to my customarily brisk military gait, offered the immediate rank of major in the Israeli army.

But I am waiting for the day when that tall, athletic stranger confidently strides up to me in sturdy boots and backpack and reveals the passwords, "Honest, loyal, brave. . . ." and I quickly counter with, "I'm prepared!" Then I will have found my very own scout master and he will take me by the hand and together we will troop off to find life, happiness, and political symbols in the wilds of Kutztown, Pa., home of the recycled rag.□

NEW! 15-Minute Facial Beauty Renewal Plan

A Unique 3-Way Facial Rejuvenating Beauty System Guarantees remarkable results with one "15" Minute Treatment. You must see and feel results within 15 Minutes—your Chinline and Neckline will firm and shape, Facial Tissue and Muscles will come alive—prematurely dry skin will be re-hydrated...or the Beauty Renewal Plan costs you nothing—
—Every Penny Back!

10 YEARS AGO: "I felt my beauty was at its peak, and that I would not retain my youthfulness for long."

TODAY: "I must keep my facial beauty for my work, and I have. The '15'-Minute Beauty Renewal Plan helps."

ELLY MAY of the famed "Beverly Hillbillies" TV Show Says:

"My face looks younger than 10 years ago!"

"I saw results instantly. The 15-Minute Beauty Renewal Plan helped."

And here's how you can test FREE—and see for yourself within "15 MINUTES" how our "BEAUTY RENEWAL PLAN" can preserve your natural beauty of face and skin—as well as help roll back your years to new facial beauty!

WHAT WILL YOUR PLAN DO FOR MY FACE?

Just what the name says: **Renew it!** In 15 minutes you'll see proof that your sagging chinline and neckline start firming up. See tension, strain, "frown-lines" and "laugh lines" start disappearing from your face. You'll marvel at how fine lines, creases, blemishes, begin improving. You'll witness your facial roughness, flaking, and sun and wind damage disappear, and your face becoming satiny soft as a new born baby, as though by some miracle of youth.

HOW DOES THE PLAN WORK?

It works by giving your face the **trio of treatments** that it so desperately needs (one without the other will not do to maintain and help renew facial beauty).

1. NATURAL Moisturization from our Natural "Skin Food" Creme.

2. NATURAL Facial Shaper, helping you to relax your face and realign your neckline, chinline and total face.

3. NATURAL Exercise for firming facial and chinline tissue. The Key Word is "NATURAL" because there isn't one element of the "15-Minute" Beauty Home Renewal Plan that's not 100% Natural. All these 3 Beauty Aids working together are in harmony with Mother Nature and her Natural way of helping create facial beauty.

THESE ARE THE NATURAL ELEMENTS OF OUR PLAN THAT HELP PRESERVE AND RESTORE YOUR FACIAL BEAUTY

1) NATURAL Avocado Complexion Renewal Creme — The richest skin moisturizer ever created, then made RICHER with Vitamin E, Vitamin A, Aloe Vera Gel, plus Amino Acids for skin penetration and much, much more. The base is a custom formulation of avocado, wheat germ and other natural oils and moisturizers, all whipped to sheer weightlessness. Its Job: to instantly sweep away tiny skin imperfections and work tirelessly to help clean up dull, pebbly and dehydrated aging skin.

2) NATURAL Facial Shaper/Relaxer — The instant you wear it—you'll feel a face lift. It eases your face into a natural state of smoothness and relaxation, relieving stress and tension, relaxing frown lines and forehead wrinkles. Automatically teaches you to hold head high, realigning your neck and chinline to help avoid further sagging and wrinkling which lead to facial disaster. It's featherlight, a joy to wear, feels and acts like a "second skin" — for a lifetime of serene and radiant loveliness.

3) NATURAL "15-Minute" Facial Rejuvenation Booklet — A scientifically documented, fully copyrighted booklet of original home beauty renewal tips, techniques and procedures. Special massage brings new color to your face ...Simple exercises firm, uplift and reshape facial, neck, chinline and throatline muscles...Your key to totally "Renewed Facial Beauty!"

"15" MINUTES—COMPLETES THE PLEASANT TREATMENT! YOU ENJOY 24-HOUR-A-DAY BENEFITS

That's all it takes...15 minutes, you're done! Your face is moisturized, tissues firmed, skin moisturized, tension and stress lines relaxed — your natural beauty starts returning. And this pleasant pampering treatment activity works its magic twenty-four hours a day.

OUR GUARANTEE TO YOU!

One "15" Minute Treatment...whether you're 20 or 80 — you must see and feel these positive results — **Or Money Back!**

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- Skin creases, dry skin lines, blemishes, start disappearing
- Damage due to air, sun and cosmetic pollution repaired
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IT **IS** TRUE! Discover Today at Our Expense, What Our "15" Minute Beauty Renewal Plan Can Do For You In The Privacy Of Your Own Home. A regular $19.98 value, for a limited time only, the entire 3-Way Plan is yours for just $9.98 with this coupon.

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Canadian residents ONLY: Send orders to "15-Minute" Beauty Renewal Plan, 2875 Bates Road, Montreal, P.Q.

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ON THE PROWL

by Doris Lilly

by Doris Lilly • Something has got to be done about the sagging popularity of bullfighting and Luis Miguel Dominguín is coming back, ready or not. Forty-six is a little long in the tooth for a *torero*, but Luis looks damn good for his age, and the situation is serious. If it weren't for the tourists who will go to see anyone chase the bull around, the bullfighting business would have gone bankrupt ages ago. Lack of charisma, the experts say. Since El Cordobés retired, the glamor went out of the spectacle.

So after 10 years of retirement, Dominguín hit the bull right in Bayonne, France, last September and was summarily gored in the groin and lifted about the arena for longer than he wishes to remember. Recovered, he's back again, but more cautious this time and therefore not as glamorous.

To liven things up, wife Lucia Bose Dominguín, who recently starred opposite Helmut Berger in *Ignominious Column*, gave a party for her estranged husband at her house outside Madrid. Almost a hundred friends showed up to honor Luis Miguel, who left the party for a bullfight in Jerez de la Frontera. Sadly, the bullfight was far from one of his best. He should have stood at the party.

Anyway, the evening was pleasant, and with the hasty departure of the honored guest, the star of the evening turned out to be Flora Mastroianni, the long-suffering wife of Catherine Deneuve's boyfriend, Marcello Mastroianni. Believe me, Flora is a beauty, and why Marcello dumped her for Catherine is a mystery to everyone who knows her. She may suffer a lot when Marcello is gone, but this night she could have had any man in the room. The fact is, she went home alone — for her own good reasons.

When pretty Polly Bergen came to London, girl-pal and fellow backgammon enthusiast, Mary Obolensky (sometimes referred to incorrectly as "Princess"), gave her a party at the Clermont Club, and London society turned out in force. Polly is a social draw, and you better believe it. Even about-to-be-ex-husband, agent Freddie Fields, was there, and that should prove that Polly is also good at keeping old friends.

Ryan O'Neal came late with new girlfriend Minda Feliciano, who used to go with Michael Cain, who just happened to be there with wife Shakira. Minda also used to go with Andy Williams (he wasn't there) and a lot of other guys, which makes you wonder why her presence got Michael Caine so shook up. Bianca and Mick Jagger were there, but we hear Bianca (called "Iron Knickers" by the brave) has a new boyfriend, David Bowie. He wasn't there and Bianca was glad.

Rex Harrison's ex-wife, Rachel Roberts, came with former hairdresser-turned-dress-designer, Darren Ramirez. Big-eyed Joan Collins and Ron Kass left the kids at home (I think they have a total of five), while Pat Neal waltzed in with husband Roald Dahl. The Duke and Duchess of Bedford, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Sam Spiegel, Patrick, Lord Litchfield, who is related to the Queen, designs men's fashions and takes pictures — not necessarily in that order. Our new James Bond, Roger Moore, was a handsome addition and colorless David Frost came without a date, assuming, perhaps, his availability would have an affect on his future. It didn't.

The last to arrive was Liza Minnelli, with her very own, for the moment, Peter Sellers. I say, I think he wears a *full* wig. More on that later. Also present and accounted for was Sir William Piggott Brown. I hear he has a sneaker, so to speak, for pretty Polly, and good for Sir William. He's handsome, raises horses, and is awfully rich. He's not married, either, and that's extra nice for Polly.

Now that Princess Anne is safely engaged to cavalry officer Lt. Mark Phillips, London gossips have turned their tongues in the direction of Prince Charles and Georgianna Russell, the blonde and beautiful young daughter of Britain's Ambassador to Spain, Sir John Russell, and his Greek-born wife, Lady Aliki Russell. Aliki, who once was Miss Greece, Miss Europe, and finally the Queen of Paris society, is dead set on her daughter's sitting on the throne of England. This ambitious mother has already married her son off to the granddaughter of the Queen of Spain and shows no sign of tiring.

Mama Russell may have determination and Charles and Georgianna are surely attracted to each other, but does even the well-born Georgianna have what it takes to become the consort of a King? If rumors are true, it is entirely possible that Queen Elizabeth will step down in favor of her son in 1977. She will be 51 and Charles 27. This is only 4 years off, and court circles agree Charles will wed before that. Getting warmed up for the job, and all that.

I think that since Princess Anne is being allowed to marry a commoner, it will be tough, if not impossible, for the Prince of Wales to choose his own wife. Further, with monarchies being as shaky as they are, he will marry a girl of royal blood.

As there are no royal bloods in England, he will have to look elsewhere. Among the riveting possibilities are Princess Victoria of Prussia, Princess Xenia of Prussia, or maybe even Princess Clarissa of Hesse, even though she is a first cousin.

It's just a thought, but wouldn't Princess Grace of Monacoland go ape if she thought daughter Princess Caroline caught the royal eye? Her Serene Highness is doing her best to keep Caroline's publicity down to a minimum and is seeing that she is learning all the things that every young girl should know — in case she marries a King.

Meantime, the Prince of Wales is keeping his temperature down in Barbados where he arrived aboard the HMS Minerva to visit the terribly elegant Oliver Messell, who is Lord Snowden's uncle. The Prince also calls him Uncle Oliver. There will be parties galore for the Prince, but I don't expect Julie Andrews will be at any of them.

Ask anybody who's been in Barbados lately what they think of Julie Andrews' social graces. While shooting *The Tamarind Seed* there, opposite Omar Sharif, the lady failed to show at the Prime Minister's for dinner, didn't bother to tell Claudette Colbert she wouldn't be by for tea as expected, and was a no-show at "Uncle" Oliver's cocktail party. You can bet your boots if Miss Andrews is still in Barbados when Oliver has his parties, she won't be in attendance. When it comes to royalty, you don't get a second chance.

We hear that Julie is bedded in the film by Omar Sharif. Maybe the experience was so shattering, Julie simply lost her head.

Roseland Ballroom, the original home of the ten-cents-a-dance girls, came to life again at the Golden, Olden Days of Burlesque Benefit Party for a New York drug center. To get the guests in the proper mood, Sally Rand (who is *just* 69) rattled her fans, Rhonda Fleming hammered out "That Old Black Magic," and Alexis Smith jumped out of a gorilla suit and did a superb bump-and-grind act.

Religious defector Marjoe Gortner came with author Nancy Gould, who gave a party the following night for Beatle George Harrison and didn't invite Marjoe. Shelley Winters was all dolled up in a 40's outfit, Ben Gazzara ambled by as did Bill Buckley, Myrna Loy, and Glynis Johns. Ms. Rand honestly doesn't look a day over 40, and I mean that as a great compliment. Whereas Debbie Reynolds is looking frail. She's divorcing shoe man Harry Karl and will file in New York very soon.

I'll say one thing for Glenn Ford. He sure is consistent when it comes to praising the women in his life. What seems like ages ago, he confided to the press he "adored" Hope Lange, and everybody believed him. But nothing happened. Next, it was Susan Lund. "I adore her and she loves me," said Glenn. Next, he adored Eva Gabor, followed in a flash by Liv Ullman. His current lady is Roberta Collins, who has known Glenn for 2 years and should know by now that he adores everybody he goes out with, and he hasn't missed many.

Friends are mystified over the untimely death of George F. Getty II, oldest son of billionaire J. Paul Getty, and the only member of the family that made any sense. The coroner described the death as due to an overdose of barbituates combined with alcohol, but nobody believes he committed suicide. Young Getty did not take pills and did not drink. Perhaps an occasional sleeping pill, but he didn't drink at all. So where did the alcohol come from? He had only been married two years and seemed very happy, raised horses, worked hard, and apparently lived a quiet and conservative life. Getty was only 48, heir apparent, the oldest son of one of the richest men in the world.

Peter Sellers has always said that being a star means you get large scoops of fame, wealth, and wives, and has had all three including stunning wives like Anne Hays, Britt Ekland, and Miranda Quarry. And then Liza Minnelli, the biggest and shiniest star of them all, arrived on the scene, only to depart days later. If only he had hair, Peter Sellers would be a man who had just about everything. Liza and Peter had their first, and it would seem fatal, fight after Liza playfully yanked Peter's hairpiece off in front of a roomful of his friends. To a man of Peter's age (47) and ego (huge), this was too much, and the couple split after only one month. However, lovers quarrels are just that. Quarrels.

For Liza, if Peter bores her, there is always Desi Jr., who has been on the phone night and day hoping to get his girl back (the telephone bills were so high even mama Lucy was complaining). But if it isn't Desi for Liza, then it could be anyone. Friends say a new love to Liza is like a new toy to a child. The only difference is Liza tires more quickly. Married or single, Liza will make *Search for Beauty* (or is it *Film of Memory*, I can't remember) for papa, Vincente Minnelli.

If Angela Landsbury never made it big in Hollywood, she made it in New York and now has them standing on their hands in London where she is a smash in *Gypsy*. Friends flew in from all over the world to tell her so on opening night, and it was the biggest event of the New Year. Composer Jules Styne, with his wife, Maggie, Josh and Neddie Logan, Lynn Redgrave, Alan Bates, Stephen Sondheim, and about a hundred more of only her "closest friends" were in attendance. □

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PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVID MEYER

REACHING OUT

PERI WINKLER

SEC and NASDAQ say more to her than PTA and A&P. The board room suits her as well as the ballet. She's Peri Winkler, dynamic brunette stockbroker to the stars for Newburger, Loeb & Company, Los Angeles. She's also Peri Winkler, wife and mother. She likes her double life and thinks more women could profit from a grasp of economics. "Learn about business and finance, and, most certainly, the securities market—men have known for years what it can do for *them.*" Former Manhattan model Peri was mesmerized by a speaker at an investment seminar a dozen years ago. She took courses, became a pro. Within six months she was pinpointing growth stocks, sizing up blue chips, and weeding out the cats and dogs for top figures in the entertainment world. "I was lucky," Peri says. She started with a built-in client list of prominent actors, directors, producers, lawyers – old friends she shared with husband Lee, a theatrical business manager. And she was clever. Her clients came through three bear markets, portfolios, and psyches virtually unscathed. Some even made downside profits. "Smart money takes advantage of over-emotional reactions to world happenings by selling when reaction is too high and buying when it is too low." Peri assesses the business climate from a Century City highrise office softened by greenery and art. In the company of two Picasso prints, a computerized TV read-out flashes market quotes on command. News of Wall Street and the world marches across her desk-top screen. "Everything relating to the news is a market barometer. There's always new excitement in the world of business. I'll never leave it." Peri Winkler – reaching out. □

Joanne Cox writes to tell us...

CASE #1369
(in a continuing series)

"I lost 6½ inches off my waistline, 4½ inches off my hipline, 23 pounds... and shaped up...in just 21 days!"

"I did it with one 5-minute exercise, twice daily, lying on my back—WITHOUT DIETING!"

The first body shaper so effective—results have been notarized -

On December 7, 1972, Joanne Cox's weight registered 167 pounds, her waist measured 33½ inches and her hips measured 44 inches. Just 21 days later she weighed 144 pounds, her waist measured 27 inches and her hips measured 39½ inches. Joanne now feels like a new person and believes the results of the amazing "5" Minute Body Shaper are so incredible that we had her weight and measurements notarized. **NOTARIZED ON DECEMBER 28.**

Dec. 7th. Joanne Cox before starting our "5" Minute Body Shaper.
Weight 167
Waist 33½"
Hips 44"

After she followed our "5" Minute Body Shaper Plan. **Dec. 28th**
Weight 144 (lost 23 lbs.)
Waist 27" (lost 6½ inches)
Hips 39½" (lost 4½ inches)

HERE'S WHAT THE EXPERTS SAY:

"Doctors have always known, exercise done while lying on the back, virtually eliminates strains while slimming and reshaping the body. Yours is the finest Body Shaper Program on the market".
RICHARD TYLER, Chiropractor

"Beats jogging and working out in gyms—and much safer. I lost 4½ inches off my waist in 14 days".
JIM HANLEY, famous athletic coach

"Miraculous! Weighs less than a pound, is simple to use and beats working out in a gym with 30 different exercisers".
TOM MINOCHELLO, famous gym owner

"Based on sound physiological and medical knowledge, it burns fat and shapes the body without strain to the heart or other organs. I lost 32 lbs. of excess weight using it".
PIERRE GRAVEL,
Chiropractic Research

WHAT IS THIS INGENIOUS PLAN?

The Weider "5 Minute Body Shaper" plan is based on doing ONE CONTINUOUS RHYTHMIC CO-ORDINATED EXERCISE. **That's all you do!** This one 5-minute exercise is designed to attack the Waistline and Hipline (where fat accumulates quickest, giving your body a flabby, weak and distorted look) —as well as burn off excess body fat fast by speeding up your metabolism, burning up stored calories and releasing excess water—while reshaping your bustline, hipline, firming up your legs and arms—YOUR TOTAL FIGURE!

It's safer than strenuous gym workouts, beats the time consumption and dangers of gym workouts...or any other vigorous sport.

The unit weighs about 8 ozs and fits any wallet-size case. You can carry it and use it wherever there's floor space—anytime. Even while watching television.

WHAT COMES OFF IN 14 DAYS?

Individual results vary, but during an average 14 day period, you can expect to lose up to 4 inches from your waistline and up to 10 pounds off your present weight. It strengthens your heart and lungs, increases stamina and endurance, improves your digestive function and general health. IT TOUGHENS YOU UP. For a "5-Minute Exerciser"—it sure does a lot!

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*EXPOSING EFFORTLESS EXERCISERS

Reader's Digest (September, 1971), New York Times and Good Housekeeping, among others, exposed sauna wraps, inflated belts, weighted belts and effortless exercisers as frauds. Scientific researchers, medical and fitness experts all agree... there is only one way to firm, shape and trim up your body... **you must work the inches off!**

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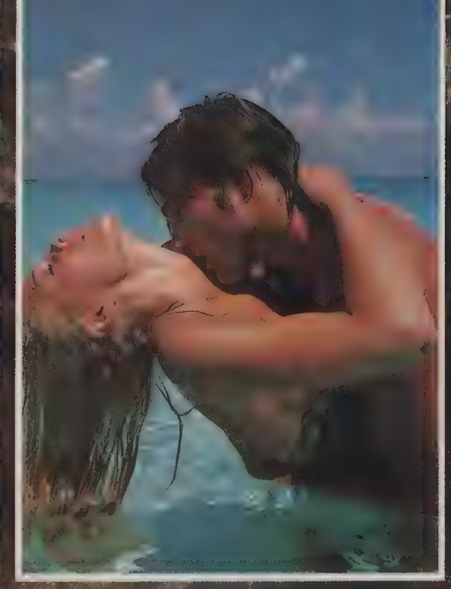
The sand was bleached and paled by the sun, the water a hyacinth blue. Both disappeared when we looked at each other.

The spice of you was sunshine and salty sand. It came from every pore of you and lingered on my lips.

Cozumel Remembered

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JAMES GILL & NORBERT JOBST

The sand was bleached and paled by the sun, the water a hyacinth blue. Both disappeared when we looked at each other.



The spice of you was sunshine and salty sand. It came from every pore of you and lingered on my lips.

Cozumel Remembered

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JAMES GILL & NORBERT JOBST

The bubbles from our lips rose between us, climbing to the surface like airy hopes.

We were children unborn then.
The waves above sheltered us as we swirled like carefree minnows in the blue-green waters. I could have stayed below forever, breathing your love.

The bubbles from our lips rose between us, climbing to the surface like airy hopes.

We were children unborn then. The waves above sheltered us as we swirled like carefree minnows in the blue-green waters. I could have stayed below forever, breathing your love.

The teasing waves lapped at our ankles and eavesdropped on our murmurs of love-making.

Flecks of sand clung to your damp skin. You held on to me, trembling ever so slightly. Your skin tasted of salty tang and the Mexican sun set over your shoulder.

Belle Johnson and Michael Montgomery were photographed during a scuba diving holiday on the island of Cozumel, Mexico; travel arrangements courtesy Mexicana Airlines.

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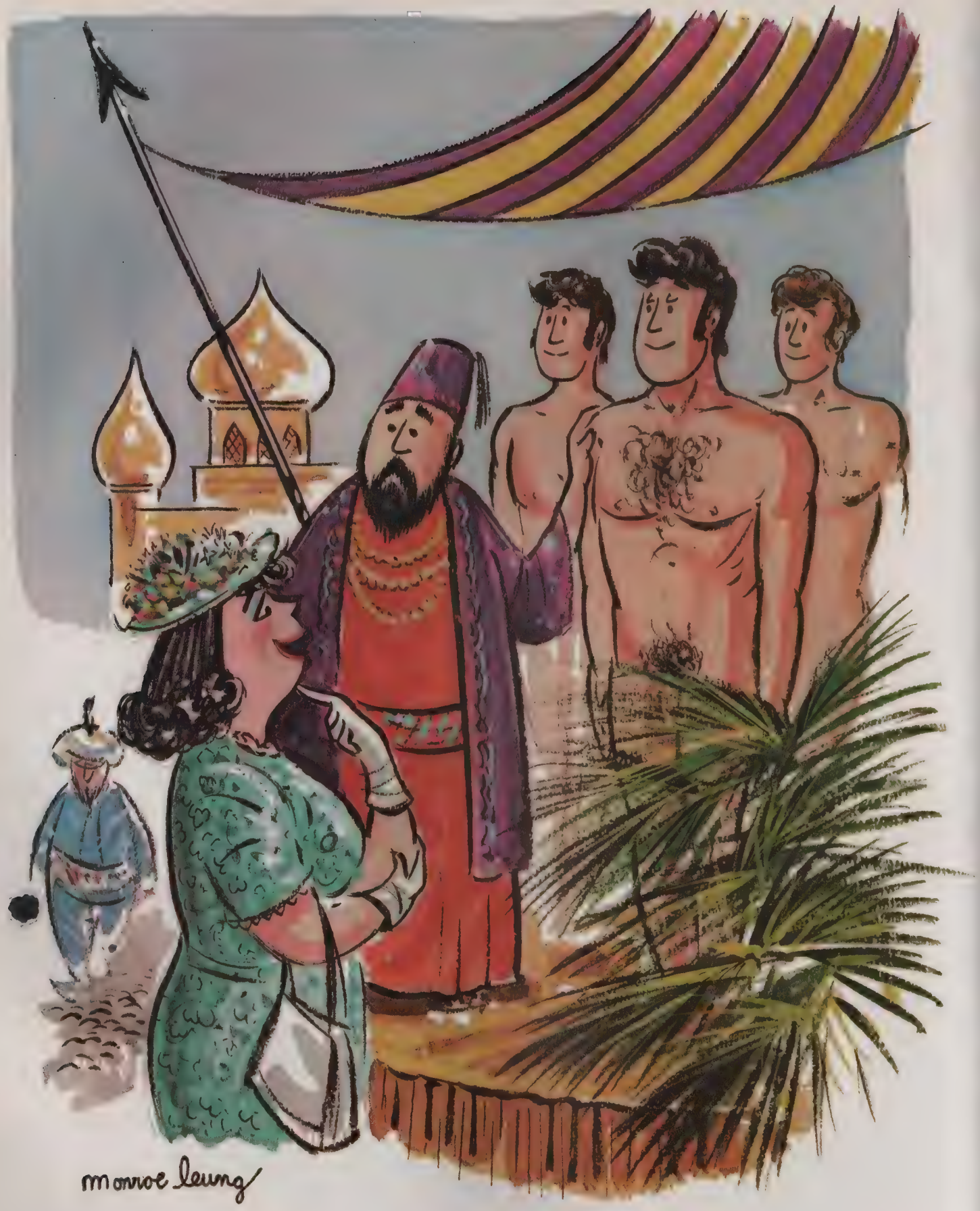
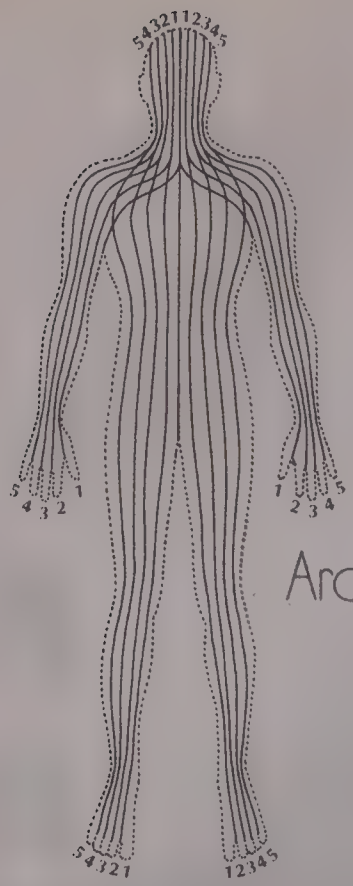


"Do you have a play now, pay later plan?"



Essential Aromatherapy ZONE THERAPY

by Christine Campbell • Your big toe is your head — your arch is your spine — the ball of the foot is your thyroid and the inside base of the big toe is your throat! Try pressing on the reflex center for the throat (located on the inside of the large toe just at the base) with the ball of your thumb, and I imagine you will feel a sharp needle-like sensation there due either to smoking or the pollution in our atmosphere.

What are we talking about? A science known as Reflexology and Zone Therapy. Dr. William H. Fitzgerald brought Zone Therapy to the medical world's attention in 1913 while he was head of the Nose and Throat Clinic at St. Francis Hospital in Hartford, Connecticut. He pointed out that pressure, and the massaging of certain zones, has a definite normalizing effect on the physiological functioning of the organ which corresponds to that particular zone no matter how far that organ might be from the area that is actually being worked upon.

The theory of Zone Therapy is a principle of dividing the body into ten zones vertically, each side of the body containing five zones with the center line as zone number one. Any organ which lies within, say, zone number three, will have its reflex point in the same number zone in the extremities. The feet are used as the main extremity as the individual reflex points are more spread apart and easier to find.

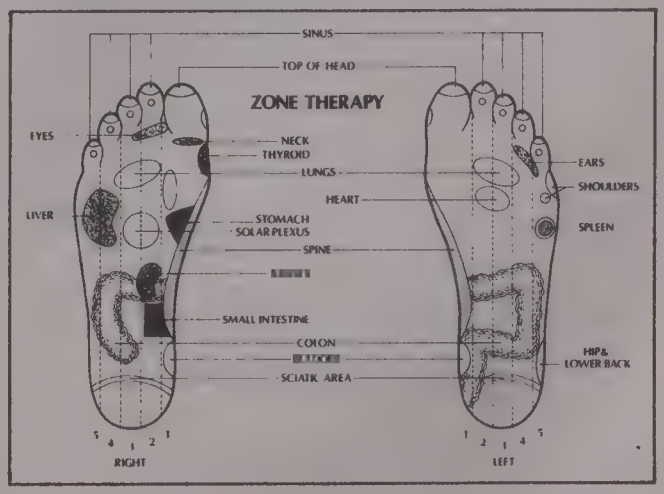
As toxins accumulate in the various organs of the body, and are not eliminated as quickly as they should be, they form small crystalline deposits in the blood stream. When these small pebble-like deposits reach the extremities, especially the feet, they become trapped as they are too large to pass from the arteries, to the veins, through the capillaries. When one finds tenderness in the nerve reflex you can be fairly sure that either that particular organ is not functioning properly and/or that the blood (energy) flow is being blocked by the deposits. Many physicians in Germany are utilizing this method as part of their diagnostic work, i.e. if to every part and organ of the body we find a reflex in the feet, then the extent to which any organ is functioning properly can be determined by the tenderness that is revealed on that particular reflex.

If the spine is affected, for example, one will find that the spine reflex will be tender in direct proportion to the quantity, and probably the size, of the crystals and the time span they have been accumulating.

The large diagram indicates the reflex zones in the feet and the relation of the body to the feet. We have simplified this to some degree so that one can practice this method at home, either by oneself or with a partner. One must remember, however that Zone Therapy does not propose to be a mystical or magical cure — it is simply an aid to better one's physical condition through better health and relaxation. Don't let its simplicity, however, rob it of any importance!

The instrument used in this work is the ball of the thumb, with a movement such as you would use with the thumb as if trying to pulverize a few grains of sand in your palm. The movement is a steady pressure, but also with a slight pulling back movement and with a slight rotation pulling your hand towards your body. The intensity of pressure and length of time each reflex is treated should be geared individually. If one finds a very tender place — do not overwork it — the theory of "a little does a little — then a lot will do a lot" does not apply! A few minutes on each reflex is quite sufficient.

Pain is nature's way of letting us know that something is wrong and nature will do her part if we help her by maintaining a normal circulatory system. One should be aware that circulation is life — stagnation is death! □



ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD HENDRICKS

Bennstrom On Bodies

by Dr. Anne-Marie Bennstrom

When you think of beauty, consider what you will — lilies of the valley, the break of dawn, your pet poodle — but, whatever you do, don't forget your pillow. That soft, bulging, pearly fluff of bolstered pleasure, beckoning your weary head to rest, has a story of its own to tell.

Men who brush away your invitation to share a pillow with a "No, thank you, I don't use them," are definitely not for you. That kind of stoic, bony resilience in a man spells a lousy love who should be shown the doorknob before he gets any further. You can bet your sweet life he sleeps on his back with his mouth half open and will keep you awake all night with his snoring. Give me the cuddly, cozy kind of a man who likes to snuggle in pillow comfort and body warmth, and I'll show you a perfect bed partner.

Whatever pillow, whether king or queen, soft or firm, it will do more for your security than any blanket, but it must be fondled correctly.

The position of a pillow during sleep is of infinitely important beneficial rest. Let us discuss some of the common pillow positions and what they can do.

1) HEAD POSITION —When sleeping on your side with your legs bent, also referred to as the fetal position, use a pillow that has the same width as that of your own shoulder. The neck will not be tilted up or down, and the nerves will be kept free. If you are sensitive to noise, another pillow placed over your head will cut out the racket, but not the air, and is very conducive to good rest. You may even want to go a step further in protecting your head from any outside disturbance by building a grotto of three pillows and placing your head in its center. Great, if you're long on pillows.

2) FOR SLEEPING ON YOUR BACK — You should have a smaller and firmer pillow to keep the neck and head straight.

3) THE ONLY POSITION WHERE THE PILLOW IS BETTER OFF ON THE FLOOR — This position is when you lie on your tummy. If you are a tummy sleeper, you should cut a hole in the mattress so the face has some place to fit; otherwise, this position will give you that kind of stuffed-head, flat-nosed look only a mother can love.

4) KNEE PILLOW POSITION — For lower back problems, sore hip joints, or if you are so skinny that the natural knee pads are non-existent, a great way to relax is to put a pillow between the knees when sleeping on the side. If you prefer snoozing on the back, then put the pillow under the knees, which will keep them slightly bent and relaxed.

5) CHEST PILLOW POSITION — If you slept with a rag doll as a child and do not have a real live one to take its place, get a king-size pillow and hold it in your arms. Besides reminding you of what, but for the grace of love, you could have, it gives you a feeling of security and keeps shoulder joints in their most relaxing position.

6) PILLOWS ARE ALSO VERY USEFUL EXERCISE TOOLS — In our column of *Bed Exercises* in the June issue of *Playgirl*, we suggested you and your partner start off each morning with a good, honest pillow fight. Essentially, you both grab a pillow and start batting away at each other — a great morning awakener which gets the circulation (and blemishes) going early.

7) THE FEET CURLER — If you suffer the pain of weak arches and flat feet, place your softest pillow on the floor and your toes right over the pillow's edge. Start curling your toes and thus moving the pillow until it is behind you; do again until your toes cramp.

Rest awhile and then start lifting the pillow up from the floor with your toes; first, with both feet, then, as you get stronger, use one foot at a time. Later on, get a heavier pillow and do the same.

8) THE COCKTAIL CONTEST FOR 2 — While enjoying a drink and before-dinner news, gather all the throw pillows around the house and place them on the floor in front of your favorite couch. Now, both of you, sit down on the edge of the couch with knees straight and hands behind you, fingers pointing forward: 1, 2, 3 go! Grab a pillow between your feet and toss it up into the air and behind you until the supply is exhausted. If it's a tie, do it over again. Tough on the china and artifacts, but a great tummy tightener.

9) THE WAIST-WHACKER — For this one, you need all the neighbors on the block, or even better, throw a party and do this for an opener. Gather all your throw pillows and ask each guest to bring one. Then lie down on the floor in two rows with legs in the air. At the count of "Go," the guest closest to the pile of pillows swings both legs to the side, picks up a pillow with his or her feet, and then swings it to the other side, "footing" it over to the feet of the next guest, who relays it to the next guest, etc., until all the pillows are gone. Besides being a great exercise for the waistline, it's a good way to get the party rolling early. □

Beauty Digest

by Aida Grey

Q: About 6 months ago I had my face lifted and underwent dermabrasion on my upper lip. As a consequence, the area turned out noticeably lighter than before. Also, it seems quite sensitive to the sun.

Signed: R. Green, Corona, California

A: Do not attempt to darken the affected area through exposure to the sun. Apply a total sun block such as Creme Soleil to entire face to lessen chances of an even greater difference. Have a foundation blended one or two shades darker than your normal coloring. Apply to upper lip, then apply your regular makeup base, carefully blending it to achieve an even color flow. Pat translucent powder over face to set makeup and insure smooth texture.

Q: I am a natural blond with brows and lashes so light they seem almost invisible. I am afraid that if I dye them the contrast will appear phony. Do you think so?

Signed: R. Wald, Scarsdale, N.Y.

A: Have your brows and lashes dyed professionally. A more natural medium-brown shade can be achieved when the process is left to experts. (Note: The eye area is extremely sensitive and should never be jeopardized by at-home dying).

Q: I am in my middle 30's and until recently have enjoyed a good complexion. Lately I have noticed the appearance of spidery red marks on my nose and cheeks. How can I prevent more of these blotches and get rid of those that I have?

Signed: G. Barger, Houston, Texas

A: In order to avoid more broken capillaries, stay away from extremely hot or cold drinks, stimulants such as alcohol, coffee, tobacco, and spicy foods. Use an herbal preparation such as Biogenic Gelee / Biogenic Masque which are especially designed to produce mild surface stimulation and dissipate redness. Avoid the sun, and when exposure is unavoidable, protect the entire face with Creme Soleil. Re-apply every three hours religiously, soothe the face with Sensi Lotion after exposure.

Q: My skin is dry on the surface but oily underneath. Lately, I have been getting enlarged pores and blackheads. Worst of all, I have noticed a slight scaliness around my nose and forehead. HELP!

Signed: S. Guardino, San Diego

A: First, remove surface dryness by a weekly application of Desquomal (surface scaling masque). At least three times a week use a grainy pore cleanser over a layer of Dermazulene (soothing creme). The cream will soften scales, while the cleanser loosens and dislodges them. Massage gently in area needed for three or four minutes. Rinse and follow with an Herbal Skin Toner. Repeat this process until this condition is under control. Then follow this same procedure as and when needed.

Should you have any questions please feel free to write Aida Grey, c/o *Playgirl Magazine*, and I will be most happy to help you with your problems. Inasmuch as there are so many people who have problems with broken capillaries, I have decided to devote my next column entirely to this subject. □

Write to Aida Grey in care of PLAYGIRL, P.O. Box 67567, Century City, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Playgirl Entertains

by Dinah Morehead • If your system functions anything like mine, the thought of having anything harsh and highly seasoned for breakfast is enough to make you cringe beneath your bedclothes.

Something gentle, to the eye as well as to the taste, is what's wanted, something that allows you to ease softly into the day.

At first glance, that desire might seem to rule out Mexican cuisine, which has a reputation among many cooks and eaters as being about as subtle as a police siren. All too many people have the notion, acquired either via slanderous reporting or disastrous experience in some bad restaurant, that Mexican food is an adventure in physical bravery rather than an escape into sensual pleasure.

It is true, to be sure, that Mexicans use a great variety of spices in cooking. Peppers — and corn — are native to that hot land South of our border, and thus came to be commonly used by the Indians of Mexico before the Spanish, French, and other invaders began to influence the culture.

The fact is that both the French and Spanish invasions brought a gentling influence to the Mexican cuisine, and the result is many dishes as subtle and sensual as anything you might hope to find in Bordeaux or Barcelona.

Mexicans have a great sense of romantic style and pleasure. Their meals tend to be long and full of joyous and delicate sensuality. Mexicans have a healthy appreciation for color and style and unaffected happiness. They know how to pause long enough to enjoy their days as well as their nights, while too many of us Americans, brought up under the harsh Puritan ethic, tend to be prisoners of the notion that you have to labor hard all day in order to earn a little pleasure at night or on the weekends.

That may be one reason many of us tend to either ignore breakfast, lunch and/or brunch altogether, or to approach those moments as something to be gotten over with as quickly and painlessly as possible, if not disdained altogether.

That's not the way people with a lusty appetite for life approach the day, however. They want the day to begin with a bang, not a whimper.

And one way to accomplish that is with a colorful, zesty Mexican brunch, one that starts the day with piquant, titillating pleasures that awaken and enliven the senses.

A soothing breeze. A warming sun. A chorale of birds. The anticipation of it is enough to make me open up my private stock, so to speak, and share some of my absolutely favorite (and not widely known) Mexican recipes. Here, to begin with, is a favorite recipe.

QUESADILLAS

This one — *Quesadillas* — can be a transition course between the appetizer and the main dish, or can be served right along with the éntreé. We usually serve it as a part of the appetizer course. It's simple and quick to prepare, and is a money-back guarantee to provoke compliments and signs of satisfaction and envy. So:

3/4 lb. Monterey Jack cheese, sliced thinly
8-10 tortillas, flour (not corn)
1 small can green chile peppers, diced
1 small onion, chopped

To assemble, spread the tortillas on a cookie sheet, not so many that they overlap, and cover them generously with slices of cheese. Then sprinkle them each with between a teaspoon and a tablespoon of the chopped peppers and onions, depending on how hot you like things. Bake them in a medium 350 degree oven until the cheese is melted and bubbly. Then fold them over into half-moon shape, stick them back into the oven for a minute, then slice each in half with a sharp knife. Serve them on an attractive platter. With a salad, these are almost hearty enough to comprise a full meal. But, if you want to really do it up brown, lay the following one on them — the English translation roughly is flutes with chicken.

FLAUTAS CON POLLO

10-12 tortillas, flour (not corn)
1 chicken, plump, stewing
1 small onion, finely chopped
2 tbs. light cream
pinch nutmeg
¼ lb. Monterey Jack cheese, freshly grated
salt, pepper to taste

Stew chicken in pot until it begins to come apart, reserving the liquid for soup or stock. After it cools, remove the meat from the bones, including most of the skin, and shred into small bite-sized pieces. Then, put chicken in small pot and cook with the cream and a small amount of stock so that it binds together into a semi-soft mixture. Don't get it too liquid, else it will ooze out the ends of the tortillas. Add salt, pepper, and nutmeg to taste. Then, fold in the onions and cheese — and maybe a dash of Texas Pete, if you like a little "bite."

Fill your deep fryer or pan with cooking oil and heat. Spoon two tbs. or more of the chicken mixture onto a tortilla, and roll the tortilla up into a flute shape, fastening it with a toothpick. Gently lay each tortilla into your frying basket so that the mixture doesn't roll out of the ends. Fry until golden brown and flaky. Drain on absorbant paper. Don't try to cook too many at a time else the oil will cool and you'll end up with a soggy mess. You can keep the finished ones in a hot oven while you're preparing the rest. Remember, though, that they hold heat for a good while. When ready to serve the *Flautas Con Pollo*, lay them out on a platter and top with the following mixture:

2 avocados, ripe, peeled, pitted, and mashed
1 pint sour cream
juice of 1 lime or lemon
10-12 drops hot sauce, again depending on your taste
salt, pepper to taste

Mix all these together and spread generously over the flutes, topping, if you like, with a little grated jack cheese. □

ASTROLOGY LESSON number five

by John J. Bradford

The above ten planets are arranged in their order of speed (or how fast they travel through the signs of the zodiac) with the Moon (☽) being the fastest of all.

For example: the ☽ will move through one sign in approximately two and one-half days. The speed of Mercury (☿) (the next fastest planet) may vary from 14 to 23 days as it moves through a sign of the zodiac.

(At this point, we should add that while most astrologers refer to the Sun and Moon as planets, they technically are not and are sometimes referred to as the "lights.")

It is not particularly necessary to know or remember that the Moon takes two and one-half days to move through a zodiacal sign or that it takes Uranus (♅) seven years to do the same. But it is important to remember that the Moon moves faster than Uranus and that Venus (♀) moves faster than Jupiter (♃).

THE COMPLETE LIST OF PLANETARY MOTIONS:

SYMBOL		LENGTH OF STAY IN A SIGN
☽	Moon	Two and one-half days
☿	Mercury	Fourteen to twenty days
♀	Venus	Approximately one month
☉	Sun	One month
♂	Mars	Approximately a month and one-half
♃	Jupiter	One year
♄	Saturn	Two and one-half years
♅	Uranus	Seven years
♆	Neptune	Fourteen years
♇	Pluto	Fourteen to twenty years

Below is the chart (or horoscope) for the first day of autumn:

THE LIST OF MAJOR PLANETARY ASPECTS:

ASPECT	SYMBOL	DEGREES APART	ORB	MEANING
Conjunction	☌	0°	10°	A coming together. An association of two factors.
Semi-Sextile	⚺	30°	3°	Half an opportunity to accomplish.
Sextile	⚹	60°	6°	An opportunity to accomplish. Harmonious.
Square	□	90°	7°	A challenge or difficulty. Can be constructive accomplishment or a problem to overcome.
Trine	△	120°	8°	Most favorable of aspects. Something happens very easily with little effort.
Inconjunct	⚻	150°	3°	Provides a time to adjust or separate.
Opposition	☍	180°	10°	Two factors oppose and require cooperation or it's all over.

An ORB in the astrological sense is the number of degrees allowed (either more or less) for the aspect to earn its name. E.g.: For two planets to be sextile, they can be 54° apart (60-6) up to 66° apart (60+6).

(You may now want to refer to previous lessons.)

In the chart on page 35, you'll notice 24 degrees and 38 minutes of ♉ (Taurus) rising. This is the ascendant degree (and minute). You read it simply "24 Taurus 38 rising" or "24 Taurus 38 on the ascendant." You find this at the left side of the wheel.

At the top of the chart, you find 6♒30 "on the mid-heaven."

Back at the ascendant you find 24♉38.

On the second house cusp (just below the ascendant) you find 20♊54. The third house cusp reads 13♋18.

The fourth cusp is 6♌30.

The fifth cusp is 4♍48.

The sixth cusp is 12♎00.

Then the seventh house cusp reads 24♍38 — the same degree and minute of the ascendant only the opposite sign. Scorpio is always opposite Taurus.

As you move around the wheel counter-clockwise, you find the degree and minute on a cusp is always the same as the opposite cusp, only the sign is different. It's the opposite sign. Hence, the 8th house sign is ♐, the opposite of ♊, which is on the second house cusp, etc.

THE PLANETARY ASPECTS:

In our example horoscope, look for the ☽ in the fourth house at 14♌10 (slightly altered for the purposes of this lesson).

The ☽ in the fourth is ⚹ (sextile) ☿ in the sixth house. They are 61°+ apart with the faster-moving ☽ *applying* or moving forward to 15♌ thereby completing a perfect ⚹ to ☿ at 15♎37. (Remember there are 30 degrees to each sign.)

As the fast-moving ☽ moves through the sign of ♌, it will gradually reach 21♌ and form a ⚹ to ♆ in the sixth house at 21♎57.

Save this very important lesson. Try to work out other astrological aspects between the remaining planets. We will continue with this same chart (horoscope) next month. □

CUSTOMS
M. LEUNG

My Secret Garden*

I am Queen Elizabeth (the First), ensconced in a castle with Hannibal, Rhett Butler, and Elke Sommer. The four of us do a variety of . . .

I am attacked by a pack of German Shepherds (sexually, that is) . . .

I am out on the street with no underwear. I approach two men walking together, lift my skirts, and offer to do anything . . .

I'm tall, elegant, and intelligent . . . I am always at a masked ball where I am made love to by every man I desire . . . I never take off the mask . . .

ILLUSTRATED BY PATRICIA DRYDEN

by Tom Nolan

Both men and women entertain a variety of sexual fantasies, in idle moments, during masturbation, and even while having intercourse; but it has been almost exclusively the male's fantasies.

(continued)

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(continued)

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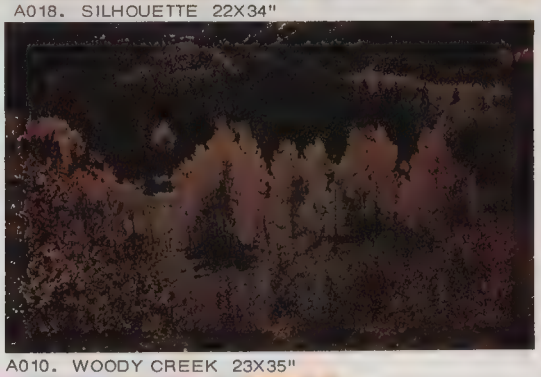
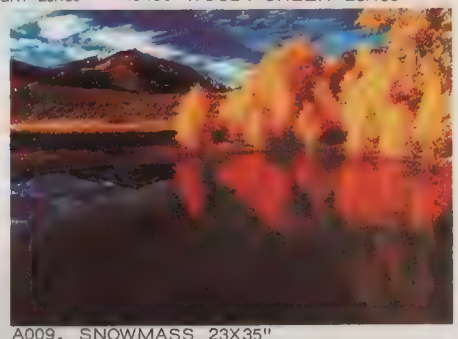


A010. WOODY CREEK 23X35"



A009. SNOWMASS 23X35"

Secret Garden

(continued from page 39)

that have received public attention, be it approving or critical. Now a writer named Nancy Friday has compiled a volume of women's sexual fantasies titled *My Secret Garden*, collected from personal interviews with friends and acquaintances and from letters responding to ads placed in magazines and newspapers in America and England. The written contributions make up the bulk of the fantasies, which number approximately four hundred. A foreword by *The Sensuous Woman*'s J ("a milestone in sex education . . . forces us to acknowledge the probability that fantasies are as necessary to our sexual well-being as dreams are to healthy sleep") and an afterword by Martin Shepard, M.D., ("allows an important aspect of . . . natural curiosity to emerge from a locked closet") help promote the package as a serious, even scientific, study that breaks new ground in our journey towards ultimate liberation.

The risk of criticizing such a book is immediately apparent (one must hasten to assert one's approval of fantasy per se); a man daring such a thing places himself in double jeopardy. Nevertheless, the questions raised by Ms. Friday's approach are disturbing enough to warrant a hard look at *My Secret Garden*.

* * *

Nancy Friday proved to be a carefully groomed woman in a black-striped jersey print blouse, with lots of opal rings and gold bracelets. She has dark brown hair and spoke clearly and distinctly, enunciating each syllable in our discussion of "sex-u-al fan-ta-sies," creating a slightly surreal counterpoint to the already unique atmosphere of the Beverly Hills Hotel's Polo Lounge, where we met one sweltering afternoon.

She was in the middle of a publicity tour promoting her book with the usual press interviews and television and radio appearances, and it seemed obvious that she had a large fund of prepared remarks. These thoughts displayed the unarguable logic common to such capsule summaries; while the conclusions seem hard to differ with, they may not have much to do with the thrust of the book involved. Questions that attempt to draw the speaker away from these pat responses can usually be "answered" with another set reply; the interviewee has decided in advance what to say. My talk with Nancy Friday was frustrating for these reasons, but I had not really expected her to admit to my concern. (Those interested in whether *My Secret Garden* does more harm or good must decide for themselves anyway, although some might wish to wait until the paperback.)

As white-coated waiters loudly paged patrons in the busy bar and demi-celebrities made calls from phones at their tables, Nancy began: "*All* women have sexual fantasies. It's the worst sort of self-insult for a woman to say she doesn't, because, after all, the mind is the most powerful sexual organ of them all, and what you're saying then is, 'I'm half-dead.' Of course you have sexual fantasies. I think the reason most women say they don't is they think they're admitting that their real lives are sexually unfulfilled. That has nothing to do with it. Many, *many* very happy — and I believe it when they tell me — sexually fulfilled women have sexual fantasies. I consider myself a sexually satisfied, happy woman, and I've always had them. Although I only became aware of them about ten years ago . . ."

How did that come about, I wondered? She looked past me, reflectively.

"Through a man who — this was before I was married — a guy who I thought accepted me on every level. He . . . he opened up . . . all departments of sexual worlds to me. There was nothing I felt truly deepest down inside that I couldn't do that wouldn't turn him on. So one night, when he asked me that question men so often ask women, 'What are you thinking about?' without even thinking, I . . . I *told* him!

"He got out of bed, put on his pants, and went home.

"It was all well and good, we were enacting all of *his* sexual fantasies. I was *happily* doing it, to me it was terrifically exciting . . ."

"What was it that upset him?"

"First of all, it wasn't about him. That was the main thing. And in this case — without going into too much detail about an old love affair — it was about a lot of *other* people, one of whom was a guy I ended up marrying.

"The fact that we were in bed when I said this — I don't know what it aroused in him, a feeling of jealousy, of competition. You see, the thing about sexual fantasies, I wouldn't recommend telling them to your man unless you think he's ready to hear them.

"I didn't speak my fantasies to anyone after that first humiliating experience. Until Bill, who's now my husband. Bill sort of sat back in amazement, then said, 'You were thinking *that*? That's fantastic! What an imagination!' I practically blushed, it was such a compliment.

"I don't mean that I now tell him *all*

(continued on page 44)

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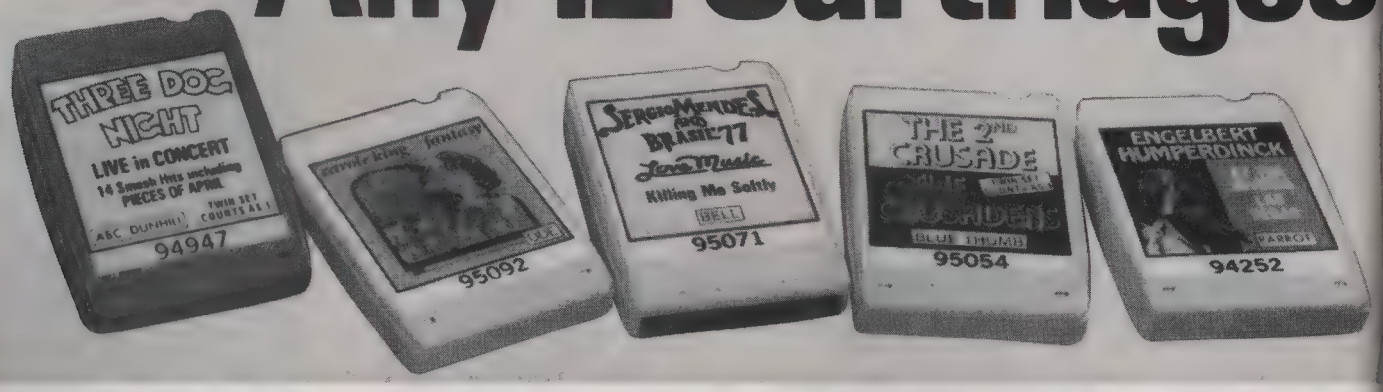

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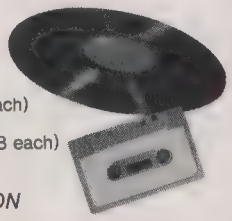

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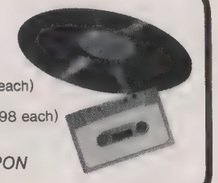

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☐ Popular Vocalist ☐ Classical (records only)

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Secret Garden

(continued from page 41)

my fantasies, because some fantasies aren't meant for telling. Things that I like to keep quiet, that give me really secret pleasure, I keep to myself.

"I find my fantasies tend to take place in public settings, what for me represents the forbidden. I'm the product of my background, and as such you don't screw in public. That's a common background and leads to a common fantasy. In fantasy, very often what is going on, be it with five men and two dalmations or whoever, is going on at the office or at a cocktail party or in a park, where the people present aren't even watching. To me what this means is that their presence is some kind of tacit approval. 'It's okay, Helen.' I mean, it really is that basic. 'Go ahead and enjoy it, Helen. It's *o-kay*.' To get the *zap* out of sex that so many women have always wanted and seldom get in reality, they need the okay from all kinds of approval figures. Women have fantasies where Jesus Christ appears while they're screwing. Or mother, or the doctor. All these figures saying, 'It's *o-kay*. It's *o-kay*.'

"Or else they're saying, 'It's wonderful!' One girl in her fantasy rented Madison Square Garden and filled it with thousands of men, each of whom had paid hundreds of dollars per ticket and a few more hundred for extra strong binoculars, all for the sake of watching her down there stage center raised high on a gynecological table, being explored by three men. This audience of thousands of men is so aroused by her incredible sexual prowess, by her *own* arousal, that there is this scene of mass male masturbation, which the woman found, you know, terribly rewarding."

Nancy said she had not edited the letters and taped interviews in her book except to eliminate internal repetition, but the fantasies presented are remarkably similar in vocabulary and phrasing, and all are constructed for maximum dramatic impact. That is the nature of fantasies, she countered — they have a beginning, a height, and a denouement. Be that as it may, the "tales" in *My Secret Garden* assault the reader with an unremitting barrage of graphic language and incident more explicit than the narrative of almost any piece of fiction designed to erotically arouse. It is hard not to compare *My Secret Garden* with such works, and equally as hard not to think that its most basic purpose is simply to titilate, just like any "turn-on" book, despite the sociological veneer with which it is coated. Those contributors described at all are sketched in a cursory manner; one gets not well-rounded pictures of real human beings but one-dimensional caricatures all with a single ruling passion. There is no real attempt to distinguish between fantasies of a healthy nature and fantasies reflecting a confused state of mind, or to suggest that dwelling on certain images can lead to anything but a rosy state of bliss.

Did she think fantasies should ideally be shared and acted out?

"Who am I to say? Every individual supposedly knows what her lover wants or presumably she wouldn't be in bed with him in the first place. Knowing that much, she should also know whether or not he would like to hear what's on her mind.

"When you read some of the fantasies in *My Secret Garden* you can easily see the ones that, for Christ's sake, she should *tell* him. Any woman who's got a husband or a lover and all she wants is something that all of us are getting in our good sexual loves — that's her *fantasy*. And she's not *getting* it? It's just amazing what people *don't ask for* in bed. Any marriage counselor will tell you that's why half the marriages break down. People simply don't ask for it.

"Many things are more highly charged and exciting when imagined than they are in the actual doing. Couples have told me, 'Harry and I put this whole thing together and acted it out, and ended up on the floor laughing.' It just didn't have the erotic *punch* it had when it was a fantasy.

"Some fantasies, of course, some women do live. You know, they live with two *guys*. Or they, ah . . . some people get involved with animals, they get pleasure out of it, that's their fantasy, and they live it. But . . . those are some people." She sipped delicately at her Perrier water.

"But aren't there fantasies that would make women unhappy, if they were taken too seriously?"

"Well, look. We all know there are many women who simply couldn't handle a more complex sexual scene than the monogamous one they have, although they are attracted to and turned on by other men, other ideas, and situations that are wildly exciting.

"I mean, you get into the whole section of *rape* fantasies. Invariably, these are people who have no desire whatso*ever* to be raped. What the rape fantasies and the domination fantasies are really doing is releasing the unconscious after years of inhibiting upbringing. Somehow these fantasies in which they are forced (and therefore guiltless) into getting all this pleasure — the psyche needs that, in order for the body and the mind to relax and let go."

"But, surely, there were some fantasies you collected that upset you, that you found disturbing?"

Her reply seemed a bit grudging, as if I were reminding her of something she generally gave little thought to; she was admitting to some qualms that are rarely evident in her relentlessly cheerful prose. *A sexual fantasy shared with an accepting, encouraging lover. What can I add? Like sex itself, it's more fun for two . . . What it all comes back to in the end is that if you're into the sado-masochistic thing it really doesn't matter, of course, which end of the stick (or whip!) you're on; turnabout can be lovely play, and as long as somebody is being debased, and you're in on it, it's great.*

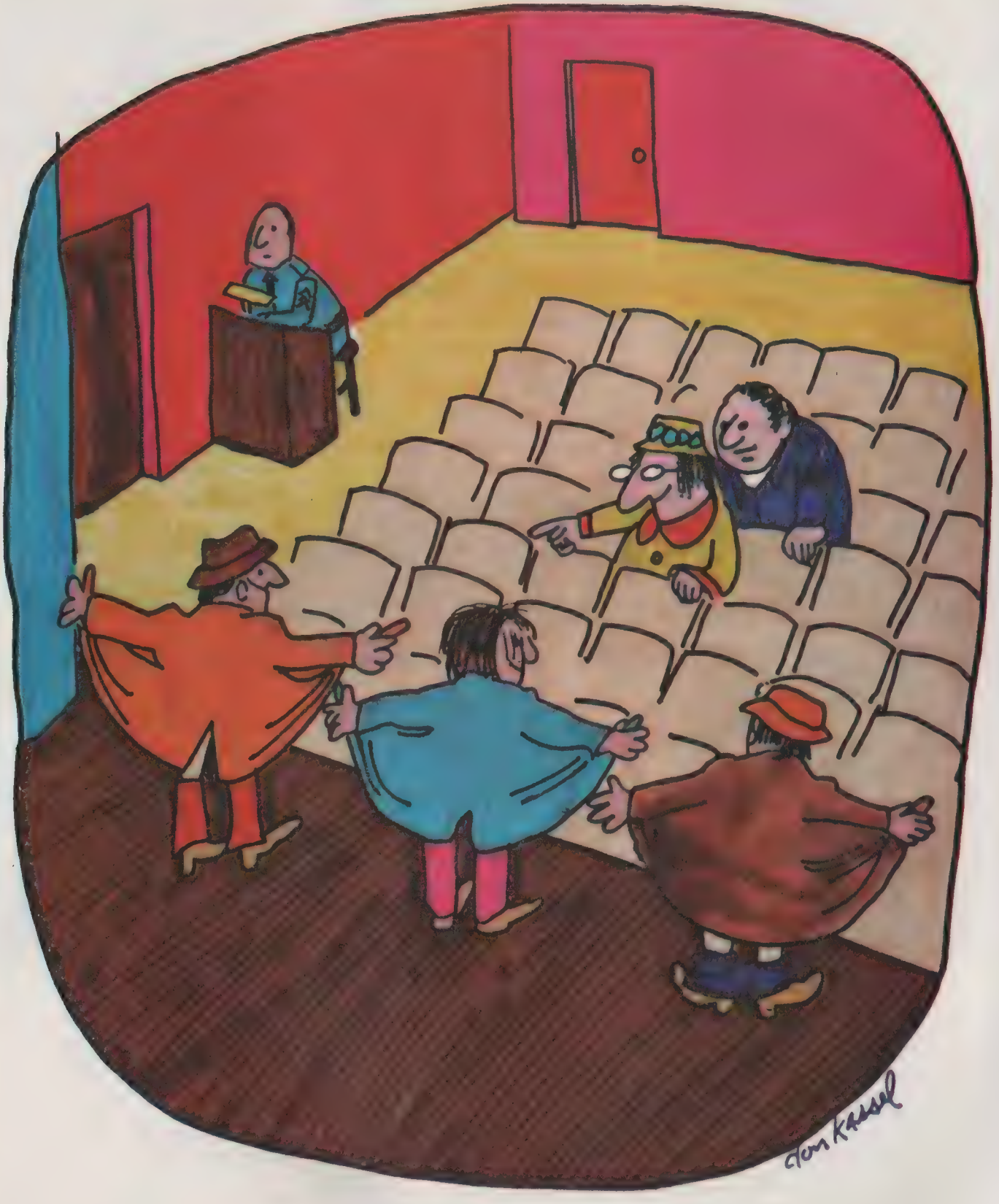
"Yeah, there were a *few*. There were a few that disturbed me, that got into what I call the mutilation department. I mean, ah . . . who am I to put anyone down for where they get their sexual thrills? But, the one in particular I'm thinking of, the woman sounded very disturbed. She got her sexual thrills out of rites of circumcision, nipple-piercing, things of this sort. That sounds a little sad and lonely and gruesome.

"There was one that particulary struck me, from a woman in her fifties, whose husband encouraged her to expose herself to strangers, and who had a freaky boxer."

Nancy animatedly recalled the passage. "Oh, the boxer, the boxer dog, wow, yes. Well, I felt, if you're going to do a book of this sort and it's never before been done . . . I thought, why not indeed include a couple? Let's show how the gamut runs. We'd all be surprised if we knew what went on in other people's bedrooms, in other people's minds, when it comes to sex.

"There were fantasies in there that certainly *depressed* me . . . but it's not a Judy Garland world we live in, you know. It's not all marvelous stories of the yellow brick road."

My quarrel with the book remained. Not only does it seem to me to put normal fantasy in unnatural perspective, but it continually blurs the line between fantasy and reality. *My Secret Garden* can be a colossal intimidation to the man or woman who confronts it, and is urged in effect to think hard about sex, to conjure up complex fantasies, to consider carefully whether they might be enacted. The book foists its own preoccupations onto the reader, who may even be made to feel abnormal if his/her usual fantasies do not rival those in *My Secret Garden*. One who dwells in this particular garden for a while may find it contains more barren and joyless corners than patches of sunlight and blossoms.□



"That's him, the gentleman with the Dinky one."

Playgirl's PERSONAL ASTROLOGER

ARIES *(March 20-April 19)*

Singles: Although it's difficult to think of an Aries standing around in the background, that's where you'll be. You won't want anyone to know about the financial plans you'll be reviewing. It may take until the end of November before they're resolved. You can talk your way into that new job but you'll have to use more finesse than usual.

Couples: Now that your skirmish is over, relax and give him a little freedom. You really won but don't keep reminding him — no one likes a sore winner! He's going to need all the help he can get later this month. And by your being there, it'll be a great deal easier on the both of you. You're strong.

TAURUS *(April 20-May 20)*

Singles: Did you ever know a time when you weren't concerned with working? Keep plugging because there'll be a little help from your boss who turns out to be a friend when you need him (or her) most. New friends will be coming into your life within weeks and one will become very important to you.

Couples: If you think he's pulling away from you, you had better make sure you haven't done something to initiate the impass. And if you want him, you had better hop fast because he's moving on and he's stubborn. At this point, it doesn't make any difference who's wrong. Think seriously, then move.

GEMINI *(May 21-June 21)*

Singles: Excitement's within your grasp very soon so reach out and grab it. There's love, travel, a proposition or proposal, and the whole damn thing. It's up to you. Don't let your lack of confidence hold you back. Any fear of the consequences has no place in your psyche now. Go out and get it.

Couples: There'll be a change in him and his finances will improve within two weeks. The pressures of homelife may continue but somehow he'll see them in a different light and be able to handle them more easily. There'll be a new optimism carrying him along and best you continue to encourage him.

LIBRA *(September 23-October 23)*

Singles: You have a goodly share of experiences to handle this month but your innate sense of justice and how to maintain balance will carry you through. This month could be a time to "negotiate" for an increase in salary. Build up your case; you're thinking is sound. Creative ideas will come to you more easily now. Make use of them.

Couples: Some financial obligation will make him just plain obstinate. Do your best to live with it — it's only temporary. He's really trying to make a better life for you. If there's a deeper problem — marital, that is — it could be a losing battle for you. Play for time, keep the peace if you want him.

SCORPIO *(October 24-November 21)*

Singles: If he's asking for money, just give him a plain, flat "No." There are some of you with a child to raise who comes first. You don't have the best job yet so consider your own situation very thoroughly. Later this month, there should be a promotion but not necessarily more money. Prestige seems to be its own reward these days.

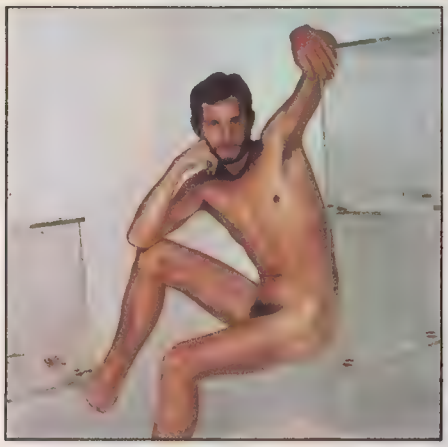
Couples: If you've had any disagreements, he'll be coming around to your way of thinking. He's concerned for your homelife together. Work out some kind of a peaceful agreement — you're both adult. These are difficult times for everyone. Show your maturity.

SAGITTARIUS *(Nov. 22-Dec. 21)*

Singles: Your finances improve and you'll feel that sense of freedom creeping into your thinking again. Self-assuredness is yours. You'll be wanting to move and this will be a good time to do so. Your only consideration should be to keep a tight rein on ye olde exchequer. Do think beyond tomorrow — the sun doesn't shine every day.

Couples: Remembering that you don't like to be held down, you may be confronted with a similar situation with him this month. He'll want to socialize more with friends and it would be a wise mate who'll join him as often as possible. You'll both enjoy yourselves. Try it.

BY JOHN J. BRADFORD



CANCER *(June 22-July 22)*

Singles: With some personal fears behind you, you can be ready to concentrate on increasing your income. It could mean you'd be interested in doing some kind of extra work at home. For others, there's a contract you must read very carefully before signing. It will come as a surprise so prepare.
Couples: His plans for a business merger are still under pressure. It's not easy for him just now. Then soon some financial problem will come up to disrupt his business again. If you can be of any help here with even an idea or suggestion, he'd be most grateful. Is there a friend in real estate who can help?

LEO *(July 23-August 22)*

Singles: Relax in your pursuit of life and living or you'll find the responsibilities of credit cards catching up with you. Working too hard under your pressure set-up can only lead to ulcers. Certainly the income looks great but consider the alternative of a doctor's bill. You have good health. Why weaken it?
Couples: Things that haven't worked out so far may only be leaving room for the good things to come. It's almost a case of "all good things come to him who waits." And the most fun is that you can be with him to enjoy it. In fact, he'll need your steadying influence, it'll be so good.

VIRGO *(August 23-September 22)*

Singles: Have you come around to thinking a permanent alliance is what you want after all? You'll get the opportunity this month but he might be more than you can handle. See if you can tame him. If you decide that's not possible, enjoy it while you can. Refrain from loaning money to friends at this time unless you can afford to wait or lose it.
Couples: Don't bug him — he's got enough on his mind without taking on any additional problems. Very shortly, he'll be making great strides in his career. Many things will begin to fall into place and he'll be all yours again. Then it will be the time to suggest that trip to some exotic spot.

CAPRICORN *(Dec. 22-Jan. 20)*

Singles: Just a short wait now and all things bottled up will find their time and place for release. New friends will be coming along to give you a new sense of freedom. If not a legacy, at least some form of remuneration should be yours this month. You'll be getting rid of an important or powerful friend but it's best. You just don't agree anymore.
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AQUARIUS *(Jan. 21-Feb. 18)*

Singles: Want to travel? Want to get married? Want to win your case in court? Many things are possible for you fortunate Aquarians. But, you will have to maintain some semblance of "sanity" for the rest of the world isn't always ready for your free-wheeling personality. There should be at least two proposals this month.
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PISCES *(February 19-March 19)*

Singles: You'll be happier this month than usual. There'll be more people in your life especially if you do the traveling you've been postponing. Take a long trip to Mexico. It'll be good for you and you'll be surprised how much you'll enjoy it. Your health improves and if you want a better job, try for that, too, after your vacation.
Couples: Basically, he's trying to keep everything leveled off, but he's in for a bumpy time shortly and will need your understanding. He may be given more authority which will be difficult for him to handle. He'll mean well, and you both must remember, it's only a temporary situation.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVID MEYER

Playgirl's PERSONAL ASTROLOGER

BY JOHN J. BRADFORD

ARIES *(March 20-April 19)*

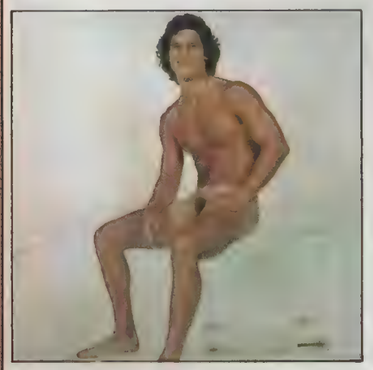
Singles: Although it's difficult to think of an Aries standing around in the background, that's where you'll be. You won't want anyone to know about the financial plans you'll be reviewing. It may take until the end of November before they're resolved. You can talk your way into that new job but you'll have to use more finesse than usual.
Couples: Now that your skirmish is over, relax and give him a little freedom. You really won but don't keep reminding him — no one likes a sore winner! He's going to need all the help he can get later this month. And by your being there, it'll be a great deal easier on the both of you. You're strong.

TAURUS *(April 20-May 20)*

Singles: Did you ever know a time when you weren't concerned with working? Keep plugging because there'll be a little help from your boss who turns out to be a friend when you need him (or her) most. New friends will be coming into your life within weeks and one will become very important to you.
Couples: If you think he's pulling away from you, you had better make sure you haven't done something to initiate the impass. And if you want him, you had better hop fast because he's moving on and he's stubborn. At this point, it doesn't make any difference who's wrong. Think seriously, then move.

GEMINI *(May 21-June 21)*

Singles: Excitement's within your grasp very soon so reach out and grab it. There's love, travel, a proposition or proposal, and the whole damn thing. It's up to you. Don't let your lack of confidence hold you back. Any fear of the consequences has no place in your psyche now. Go out and get it.
Couples: There'll be a change in him and his finances will improve within two weeks. The pressures of homelife may continue but somehow he'll see them in a different light and be able to handle them more easily. There'll be a new optimism carrying him along and best you continue to encourage him.



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PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVID MEYER

ILLUSTRATED BY CATHY J. REYNOLDS

Fur Baby

by Richard Selzer • *Luna knew they hated having her around, could scarcely wait for her to die. So she stayed upstairs in her room and hadn't come down for three years, not even for meals.*

"What if you get sick and need the doctor?" asked Joe. "What then? It'd look just fine for us to have you up there sick and not take you to the doctor." But she had already decided that if that happened, she'd either get better or she wouldn't, and that was all there was to it. But she wouldn't go downstairs.

Joe had the most irritating voice of any man she knew. There was a moistness to it as though there were bubbles in his throat through which the words slowly rose like the gases in stagnant water. Even as a child he had sounded that way and she was forever telling him to please clear his throat, but even when he did, it didn't help, and she found herself clearing her own throat whenever he was talking.

Also, he was bald. And that, God forgive her, was one thing she found ugly. Luna knew it wasn't anything he could help, but still every time she saw him all she could look at was that yellow pie of a scalp shedding what looked like silverfish onto his shoulders. God forgive me, she thought, my own flesh and blood. After a while Joe had stopped persuading her to come down. She knew all along that he didn't really want her to, was just acting righteous. Stella was really the only one who ever came up to her room and then only with the tray. She didn't even bother to talk anymore since Luna like as not wouldn't answer.

She chose to speak rarely these days. For one thing she didn't like the way her voice sounded — an old lady's quaver. It bothered her to hear it and realize it was hers. In fact, it bothered her almost as much as Joe's did. But the other reason for not answering Stella was because there wasn't anything she could say, not even "good morning," without being so false she'd rather die. After a while, the silence had become an addiction from which she derived comfort, like cigarettes or whiskey. It gradually became just as hard to break and soon she didn't bother to try.

Stella was used to being careful. She and Joe had been childhood sweethearts, although that wasn't really the name for it. They had each just always been around the other, so that when they finally did get married, Stella was twenty-eight; it was like putting on an old pair of slippers, and hardly anyone noticed. And Luna didn't know but she was almost certain that it wasn't good for them to have spent all that time together before they got married, warily circling each other's bodies for fifteen years, until finally when it was all right and legal and everything, they seemed startled by the whole idea of it, and whether they didn't or couldn't or what, they certainly acted mighty cold. Luna had never seen them touch except once, accidentally, when they bumped, each recoiling as though the other were a live wire. They didn't have any children. Whether it was instead, or just naturally, they loved *things* and went about saving them like squirrels. The house was stuffed with things. Nothing worth anything, mind you, but a lifetime of string and rubberbands, bottles, what living people would consider trash.

Luna could hardly bear to look at Stella. It was her eyes, mounted as they were by thin pencilled chevrons, although why she would ever want to call attention to those eyes Luna couldn't fathom. Dull and sessile as underwater plants, they sat dead center until washed listlessly from side to side by some slow current of thought. Beneath them the black really started, deepening in circles and running halfway down her cheeks. They looked for all the world like a pair of black stockings hanging on a clothesline.

So she would just tap on the door with her foot, come in, set the tray down, pick up the one from the previous meal, and go back out. But there wasn't anything they could do. It was her house, and she had willed it to Stella and Joe just to make sure that they stayed around and kept interested in her. Somehow, she knew that they'd stay if they knew they'd get the house and all. Corruption, she thought, and although she didn't smile, the faint desire was there as she thought of how she lived, a fierce old weed that grows best in the meanest place.

One time the door had not been closed tight, and she had heard Stella's voice rising in hysteria. "I hate her, hate her, hate her! I can't stand it any more!" Then she heard Joe gurgling to her, soothing her, making it all better. Joe hated her, too, but he couldn't have dispossessed his own mother, not in Ellenville, and stay here. Not with the whole town watching, he couldn't. They would just have to wait and endure like everyone else, like me, she thought.

It was like wings unfolding, the way she brushed the open pages of the magazine with her sleeves. From her lap the gaze was fierce, unblinking, on the verge of rage even, but with hard rays of intelligence. They were like sisters, the eagle on the page, all horn and talon, and the one in the chair, beaked as well and proud, with the meditation of the nest upon her.

She let the magazine slide from her lap, and with her right hand pushed the left sleeve of her sweater up. Folding her arm across her chest, she studied the mole just above the elbow. It was dark brown, the size of a quarter, and covered with a lawn of dark hair. There was a certain strength to it emphasized by the pale skin that hung in atrophic folds around it.

They had all said that she had given it to him from her genes, and that the mole on her arm was where her seed was, and when she had conceived, it swept all through the baby's cells and he was born with it all over his body, except for a spot the size of a quarter on his left thigh which was pink and smooth. Even now the voices came to her, and when she heard them all say "God" and "Jesus" and "Holy Christ," had raised her head to peer between her open upslung thighs, to peer at what slid from her, brown and furry, and thought it was a beast, a cub. "It looks like a monkey," she had said, and they hadn't said a word and that was how she knew.

"We can't show it to her. My God . . . ugh . . . it's horrible . . . monster . . . never saw anything like it . . . I feel sick . . . worst . . . put her to sleep . . . put it to sleep." The voices reached her through the billowing nausea of gas, the words ringing louder and louder in her ears even as their meaning withdrew from her, out of reach, irretrievable.

"Let me see," she whispered.

"Not now."

"Yes. Let me see."

"Not now."

"When?"

"Later."

"Oh," she heard herself moan.

"Hairy mole," said the doctor. "Nothing to do. Entire body covered."

She remembered that later when the nurse brought him to her and laid him in her arms, wrapped in a blanket except for his face in which the tiny wet pebbles of his eyes glittered and only the tips of the ears poked through the fur.

"I want to see it all," she said.

"All right, if you want to," said the nurse, and unwrapped it, and Luna looked for a long time at the hands and feet which were like paws, and the chest and abdomen still matted with the moisture of birth.

"What's that?" she asked, pointing to a pink, smooth spot on the front of one thigh. It was about the size of a

quarter.

"That's the only place it isn't. The only normal skin he's got."

That spoils it, thought Luna. "He's not perfect," she said sadly.

"These things happen, honey. Don't decide now. Give yourself a chance to think it over, and if you do decide we'll send him to a place where he'll get the best. Nothing but the best."

Luna stared down at the creature, which if it had been an animal, would have been adorable, she thought. She studied the patterns of shine in the fur and for the first time touched his velvet with the backs of her fingers. What seized her then was more impulse than intention, and raising him up, she laid her cheek against his chest, holding herself still, listening to his — but really to her own — heart, to learn what she was, what she felt, for she still did not know. The faint tickle of his hair, and the small, quick breaths that rose and fell against her face began to tell her, "that I love," she thought, "need, must, and that whatever comes, at least for this time and instant, there is love."

She had thought then in the beginning, well, at least he's not blind with flat, pumpkinseed eyes. Not those bright little peepers of his darting this way and that and taking it all in. He sees everything there is to see. "It's just . . . ," and here she had grown quiet and very tired all at once, "he won't share it with anyone. He'll see, all right, but there won't be anyone to give it out to and get it back." But that was all right, too, because neither do I, she thought.

Much later when the trouble began, she couldn't stop wishing that somehow they could meld again so that the next time around one of them could have it all and that it would be her, Luna, that had all the fur instead of one little spot, and that he could be like everyone else. Once she dreamt that the mole was a garment and she could slip it off his body and draw it onto her own, stretching it out to fit. But it wasn't, and she couldn't, and afterwards she forced herself to be gay and played with him for hours.

She had thought she loved that man in Portland. Evan Thoms was straight and had such a low, sweet voice, and when he knelt and pressed his lips against her knee it made a whirring like wings that rose and hovered somewhere in a place that had always been still, like a pond. That's what it was like and she really thought she loved him. Never saw him after that, after that first month, but when she had begun to show, Luna went to a hospital clinic there in Portland where nobody knew her. She kept going back until she had the baby, and it was the hardest thing she had ever done. It was like an exorcism, as though what it was really for was to get rid of that man's stuff, his presence that he had left in her, but that it had gotten so far in that the only way to get rid of it was to travel to Hell and back, which she did, and when it was over, and when all her flesh which had been cut into strips and peeled off her bones had been put back, and she was whole again, well, then she was purified.

It must have been the sound of its heart going lubdup, lubdup against her ear, or when she heard it crying in a human way, that she decided to keep it. Later, though, they had all said no and how can you and better not to. But she had secretly named him Poem, and not Lewis which she called him, and after that could not, even if she had wanted to, which she definitely did not. Poem for a lot of reasons, one because it was the most beautiful word and she owed that to him, and also because he was what she had made and it told all about her the way a poem does, and she felt she owed it to herself after all that she had been through.

For a long time it was all right because she was able to work and keep them both, but when he got to be a year and a half old and started to walk, he'd wander off and she couldn't hide him anymore and nobody wanted him around, and no matter how often she went and got him and brought him back and hugged and kissed him and wrapped him about, Poem had to get out, and she knew it would be bad because she had seen the other children laughing and scared, and one day she came home to find him lying in the alley in back of the yard with a dent in his forehead and blood matting his lovely fur, and he was dead.

The next year she had married and then there was Joe, but it wasn't the same, nothing was special any more like he was, like Poem. She had never told a word of it to anyone and wouldn't, either, even though they vexed her by being so superior and haughty, when in fact none of them had ever had such a thing, anything special, happen to *them*. □

"Did you know your navel had been bugged?"

An Interview with Jacqueline Susann

by Jane Wilkie • "Unless he's a brute," said Jacqueline Susann, "I think every girl falls in love with daddy. After all, he's the first man she knows."

The only author to have three novels successively top the *New York Times* best-seller list sat curled on a sofa in a two-room suite of the Beverly Hills Hotel, her willowy frame partially hidden from visitors' view by an enormous flower arrangement sent that morning by her publisher. Outside, against an uncharacteristically blue sky seen through french windows flung open to a connecting patio, palm trees swayed indolently in the warm late-afternoon breeze. Jacqueline Susann, dressed in a white blouse and chic navy-checked pants suit, casually kicked off her cream-colored shoes and folded her legs beneath her. Both shoes were adorned on the instep with a gold ankh, the fertility symbol associated with the hero of Jacqueline's second book, *The Love Machine*.

"It's a funny thing that happens . . . A father isn't turned on by a newborn baby daughter, but when she's about two, then she becomes a girl child, and he comes in one day and kisses her ahead of his wife. That's when the mother goes into unconscious rivalry. When the father says she's the most beautiful girl in the world, the mother says, 'Don't tell her that. She's not.' The mother tells herself she does this so the child won't be vain, but what she's doing, she's telling her husband, 'I made this child. We both did, but I'm the original; I'm more beautiful.' "

Jacqueline Susann's newest novel, *Once Is Not Enough*, tells the story of a girl named January who wastes her best years yearning for an affair with her famous father. Understandably, January's promotion-conscious creator had many thoughts to share on the subject of daddies and daughters.

"I remember quite well one afternoon when I was five years old. I was wearing a bathing suit, and my father said, 'She's got great legs,' and my mother said, 'They're knock-kneed.' Which, indeed, they were.

"Later daddy told me I had good hands and eyes. As a portrait painter he knew about anatomy, and he always made me conscious of holding my head up so I wouldn't get a wattle." She illustrated. "I learned so much from him.

"My father treated me like a date from the time I was seven. That's when he began spending Saturdays with me. At first he took me to matinees; he belonged to the Pen and Pencil Club and all that, and got in for free. Then one day he said, 'Instead of going to a matinee, how would you like to make some money? I want to play cards, but we mustn't tell mother, because she wouldn't want you around where there's smoking. I'll give you ten percent of my action.'

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVID MEYER

"So every Saturday I sat in a smoke-filled room, behind a poker game. He made a pal of me; I was his sweetheart, because we were cheating on my mother. I had something special going. He'd give me ten dollars whether he won or not, but later on when I got to know the game and knew he'd lost, I wouldn't take the money. But when I was about eleven, he won six hundred dollars and then I demanded my sixty.

"Incidentally, poker served me well, because when I started in show business I played with the stage hands and made more money at poker than I did from my salary.

"Anyway, when I was sixteen, I dated my first boy. He was very handsome and I liked him a lot, but when I compared him with father he fell flat on his face.

"Later, when I met Irving, he was so *un*like my father. I mean, the complete opposite. He intrigued me. My father hated him at first because he recognized competition and realized I hadn't been looking for someone like him. In the end, there was great admiration between the two. After daddy died, Irving got interested in art and was sick about the things my father could have told him, the stories they could have swapped."

At this moment the husband himself appeared, (agent) Irving Mansfield, a balding man, slight of stature, wearing a summer suit with pink belt and shirt. He apologized for being in the way, and Jacqueline told him, "You can sit out on the patio. Take your two phones with you so I won't have to answer them." Irving got his telephones and retired to the piazza.

"Irving's parents," Jacqueline continued, "were completely different from mine, but I adored them.

"Our parents are all dead now, all but my mother. She's a very timid soul, and she's terrified about what her friends will say when one of my books comes out. With the first one, *Every Night, Josephine!*, the reviews were poetry and the only four-letter word was love. My mother used to sit in Rittenhouse Plaza, where friends would visit and say, 'In this day and age, your daughter's been in show biz and everything, yet she's written this sweet book.' My mother would answer, 'Well, that's the way we raised her.' " Jackie giggled. "Then out came *Valley of the Dolls*, and this poor lady was absolutely out of her mind. She went to Atlantic City for three weeks — she couldn't face talking to anyone. By the time she came back, the book was a smash. She went to the Friday night concert at the Academy of Music. Everyone said, 'Oh, isn't it wonderful about Jackie and her novel? It's naughty, but . . .' As Mother said, if it hadn't been a hit they'd have said her daughter wrote a dirty book.

"Afterwards, she'd always ask if I was going to use *that* word in whatever I was writing. I never knew which word she was talking about, until one day this woman who had never sworn in her life, who taught me not to say darn because it meant damn, finally told me that the word that was bothering her was 'fuck.' I said to her, 'Do you know where that word came from?' I explained how in olden times, when people were arrested for stealing, for sodomy, for having an affair with someone else's wife, they were put in irons and placed in stocks. And a sign would be hung over their head saying 'For Thievery,' or for whatever they had done wrong. And they'd hang, 'For Unlawful Carnal Knowledge' — that's where that word came from.

"But my mother hasn't gone to movies in five years, she doesn't know what's going on, she's shocked at hearing the word damn on the air. When you think Bergman couldn't return to this country because she'd had a baby out of wedlock, and now they're all doing it. The change in only the last three years. . . .

"That's what I attempted to convey through my character January in *Once Is Not Enough*. In 1967, when I have her have her accident, people were still walking around in Pucci dresses. You couldn't get into a restaurant wearing slacks. I remember at the Dorchester: 'Madame is wearing pants.' By 1970 slacks were accepted anywhere . . . boys walked with arms around boys . . . girls were embracing girls . . . the shaved head Christian group appeared . . . all these girls without bras, even if they had knee thumpers down to *here* . . . girls with hair under their arms . . . the Indian headbands. I wanted January to be like Rip Van Winkle. She's away from the real world for three years, then comes into this new one; how could a girl face it? Could she overcome it?

"You're making too much noise out there!" Jacqueline shouted abruptly out to the patio, where Irving was engaged in a boisterous phone call. Recovering from the interruption, she picked up the thread of her earlier remarks.

"Many girls who have difficult fathers go the other route. They pick a man no-

"Where is the law that says men must marry women if they don't want to? Where is it written?"

"Each book has taken five years off my life."...."You have to be an architect, a master jigsaw puzzler, a psychiatrist."

body else wants. They need a man who'll love them, who'll come home every night. They pick ugly men, even lame men, because they don't want to be like their mothers and sit and cry. They don't want competition. Take Gloria Vanderbilt. She'd seen her mother have problems. So first she married a young handsome guy, and after that who did she marry? Leopold Sto*kow*ski, who treated her like the father she never had.

"But the girls who have marvelous fathers . . . look at Grace Kelly. Her father and mine were great friends in Philadelphia. My father looked like Valentino and hers like a red-haired Clark Gable. She *had* to marry a prince. Diana Barrymore drank herself to death trying to be like John. Errol Flynn's daughter is a stunt girl. Eugene O'Neill's daughter had to marry Charlie Chaplin.

"These are things I thought about before writing *Once Is Not Enough*. There've been lots of things on the Oedipus complex but very few on the Electra. I thought of the daughters who grew up in Hollywood. Susan Zanuck talking about Darryl as if he were a god. These Hollywood girls don't see their father being picked on by their mom, or sitting drinking beer in front of the T.V. They only see them in the glamorous thing.

"In Hollywood it's extreme, but the same pattern exists everywhere. When I helped judge the Miss U.S.A. contest, all the girls in the pageant named daddy as their hero. He came first. Then Nixon, Bob Hope, and Billy Graham. Kennedy, you see, was a movie actor, Eisenhower a grandfather image; that's my thinking, anyway. But Nixon can seem the father. He's also the loser of all time, and all girls have seen their fathers go through defeat. Hope, he's the *mischievous* father figure, the guy with the leer who's entertaining the servicemen, and most girls from small towns have brothers in the service. They also have a great church life, so here's Billy Graham, a handsome man, not a musty old creature. He has sex appeal, and they identify with him.

"All these little girls have their daddies wrapped around their little fingers. If they get married and the marriage goes bad, Daddy says it's the husband who's wronged his darling: 'I knew from the start he wasn't the man for you.' If you watch Archie Bunker, he always calls Gloria his little girl, and his jealousy when she kisses her husband, the meathead . . . it's a very incestuous thing he's got for her.

"This affects them all their lives, you see. Lots of women are married to handsome young men and have affairs on the side with father types. That happens a lot. Also, when a woman hits forty-five she goes for a young man, in sort of a last gasp attempt. She has her face done and body sculpture. She does things her daughters wouldn't do, travels around in a camper. I've a friend forty-six and he's twenty-eight, and she almost died keeping up with him. She had a coronary occlusion playing tennis.

"Another problem this leads to is that many people are willing to have an affair but find it impossible to live with the other person. There's a certain intimacy that has to be hurdled. Sharing a bathroom is horrifying because they've never done that with mother or daddy. I know a girl who won't spend the night with a man — she goes home, terrified of giving up her privacy. 'Suppose I snore?' she asked me. 'Or suppose *he* snores? I want to go home and take off my makeup and dream of him as beautiful.'

"Men are that way, too. They don't want to know about women when they have the curse, to see her with the KY jelly, the diaphragm, the stockings and girdle hanging in the bathroom. That takes it all away from them. They don't want to see her when her eyelashes come off. In my day, life was simple — no false eyelashes. I know girls who've had affairs, lost their eyelashes and found them stuck on the guy's fanny.

"And the men too, now. They say, 'Don't touch my hair, it's just been teased.' I know girls who've gone to bed with men who put on hairnets.

"Many women remain single because they cannot find a man who stacks up to daddy. And men, too; homosexuals looking for mother."

Jackie raised a cautioning hand. "Don't think I'm against homosexuality. I'm all for it. I think it's highly civilized. In Greece it was, 'women for babies, men for love.' Where is the law that says men must marry women if they don't want to? Where is it written? It's only the law of nature that says we must have man-woman love to create children. But with the population explosion . . .

"And they're not hurting anyone. I'm for all kinds of love, whatever kinds there are. A person's love for animals. A nun's love for Jesus.

"Except nuns have changed, too. I was talking with one in slacks and asked her if

she'd ever had an affair; she said, 'With a man or with a woman?' I broke up." Then she hastened to clear up what might become another misapprehension.

"Having a single homosexual experience doesn't make you a homosexual, you know. I tried to show that in my new book. People think my character of Karla is a lesbian, but she isn't, not really. Karla basically cares more for men, but she simply feels safer with women. She was raped in Poland by all those Russians, and the first bit of beauty in her life was the nun who's been a ballerina."

The sun had lowered to meet the horizon during this hour of conversation. Shadows were gathering in the suite, where no lamps were lit. A visitor reached for a cigarette.

"Don't you know what that does to your body, darling?" scolded Jackie. "You *can* stop, you know. I speak from experience. I had a three-pack-a-day habit. I tried for five years to stop. I went to a smoke shrink, I went to a hypnotist, I drank tons of water, I climbed the walls. During the brief periods when I'd quit I dreamed that if I had terminal cancer I could at least smoke a cigarette. Then Irving got a polyp, and I made a deal with God. I promised that if Irving's polyp wasn't malignant, I'd stop. It wasn't, and I did.

"Irving says I use God like the William Morris office."

There was no sound from the patio. Irving had wandered away somewhere. The streetlights lining the greenery-bordered lane below blinked on suddenly, glowing hazily in the sunset. Jackie grew meditative.

"The other books took me a year and a half to write. This one took me *two* and a half years — because of the smoking problem.

"Each book has taken five years off my life. When you've written all day and think you have a great scene, maybe twenty, thirty pages, then at three in the morning you sit up straight and know it's all wrong.

"You go in the living room and watch the sun come up. You tear up what you've written.

"You have to be an architect, a master jigsaw puzzler, a psychiatrist. Part of my talent comes from my acting background. I act the part out, I feel it. Even Linda in this book. She's a born loser, but I understand it when she takes a different man every night just to prove she's a woman. There are so many lesbians in this world.

"You see all these girls in their twenties who have IQ's of 150 and handle their work so well, but in personal life they're like eight-year-olds. Then you meet a girl who's klutzy in her job, but *she* can hold a man.

"So many women don't understand practical things. Reporters ask me now how much money I have. I can never tell because of the royalties constantly coming in. I just got a check from France for seventy-eight thousand dollars for *Love Machine*. People keep buying them, other countries bring them out, there are reissues. Turkey used to steal my books, now they've come out and bought this one. I don't *know* how much money I have.

"It is nice to walk into a store and know I can afford something I like that costs two hundred dollars, but it was more fun when I was eighteen and there was a dress at Saks that cost fifty dollars. I thought about that one for a month before I bought it.

"When I went to New York as a young girl to be an actress, I was *dedicated*. I took the whole Strasberg bit, studied dancing so I'd walk better, sang so my voice would have more timbre, read all the classics. That cost money. That was the first time I was aware of money.

"I never thought of myself as a poor little girl. Father always lived as though we were rich, whether it was feast or famine, whether there were three $5,000 commissions in one month or whether there were three whole months without a job at all. I never knew money was a problem. That's the way daddy wanted it . . ."

At last Jackie got up from the couch and padded barefoot to the light switch.

"I don't believe in life after death," Jacqueline Susann said softly, "and yet I do.

"I have a wonderful head sculpted of daddy, lifesize. On my bad nights when I can't sleep, I talk to him. We have this circular living room that overlooks Central Park, and I get daddy out and put him on the breakfront. (It was brown when Eugene Klein had the apartment, but I had it painted yellow and white. You could say the apartment is a giant egg yolk.) I go off to fix a drink, and I say to him, 'Don't go away.'

"I talk to him in heaven, too. When someone I love died last year, I told him, 'Daddy, Carol's up there. Introduce her around.' " □

"I know girls who've gone to bed with men who put on hairnets."

AMSTERDAM...

Where three-hundred-year-old fairy tales were written, and by the turn of the 20th Century, illusions were lost. The 50 canals, 500 bridges, and 17th Century manor houses still exist, but the soft sell of windmills and wooden shoes is all too heavily based on antiquity.

In Amsterdam, today, anything can happen and everything can be found. It's an enormous town for the single girl.

Amsterdam has become in the early 70's what Paris was in the 20's—an expatriate town. The sidewalk cafes are filled with American writers, English artists, and black African jazz musicians. There are more American owned companies and advertising agencies in Amsterdam than Dutch and lots of young, good looking executives to fill the slots. Working next to these young executives is an international set of outspoken single-girl assistants and secretaries. And they all speak at least three languages besides English.

What's an expatriated single girl doing in Amsterdam? According to an Irish lass who is the assistant to the creative director of a large advertising agency, "Having fun. We're after men, a good time and good food, and in no particular order. Amsterdam is where it's at."

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If you are lucky enough to find a hotel in the center of town, you have a lovely walk along the magnificent girdle of canals to Amsterdam's own singles bar, the Intercontinental Bodega on the Leidseplein. The Intercontinental specializes in Spanish sherry and Dutch executives. Don't be afraid to go it alone. Everybody else in Amsterdam does and, by the time you reach the bar, someone will put a glass of sherry in your hand. Communication is no barrier. English is a Dutchman's second language.

If the Intercontinental is too sedate for you, then wind back through the canals to the center of town and Hoppe on the Spui, reportedly Amsterdam's oldest bar. Hoppe is designed much like an English pub with two sides. The right side is a narrow stand-up bar with sawdust on the floor and a regular clientele. The left side is the cafe and where all the action is. Light Dutch beer flows continuously from the taps and shots of genever, the oily Dutch gin, line the top of the bar. Again, don't worry about being a loner, just dive in for the Dutch are the friendliest bar crowd in the world.

The only way to sight-see Amsterdam and do it in less than two hours is to take a ride through its 16th Century canals

The latest fashions from London and Paris can be had at London and Paris prices from boutiques on Amsterdam's main shopping street, the Kalverstraat. Not even bicycles are allowed to interfere with shoppers on this narrow, auto-less avenue that runs through the center of the city. Women coming from all over Holland spend two or three hours on trains just to converge on this shopping street marvel.

For wooden shoes and authentic Dutch cheese, stay clear of the souvenir shops and tell your escort, taxi driver, or street car conductor that you have to get to the Albert Cylp Market. It's four blocks of sheer open-air shopping pleasure. Wheeled carts full of fish, fowl, fruits, and vegetables line both curbs while venders announce their prices.

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in one of the many glass-covered boats that depart from several points in the central city. The boats, equipped with guides of both sexes, will take you back to the "golden age" of Amsterdam, under the ancient bridges, through the narrow canals, and past the stately mansions that date back over 300 years.

The boat trip is also the easiest way to see Amsterdam's international harbor and the safest way to see its biggest tourist attraction, the red-light district.

Other sights worth seeing are the Anne Frank House on the Prinsegracht (canal of the Princes), the flower market on the Singel canal and for the bold the unusual sex shops in the Zeedijk (sailors quarters).

But the best show in Amsterdam may be its people, and the cafe owners of the town gladly provide the best seats for their audiences on the sunny terraces. Outdoor cafe sitting is a serious ritual in Amsterdam, so prepare yourself for at least one afternoon of aging playboys walking their Afghans, Great Danes walking their lunch hour executives, and a distinguished bookmaker taking bets on his outdoor telephone. And, if you're lucky, some dark, slender young man sitting next to you will ask you for a light in French or Italian. □

•MUSIC•

by Marco Barla

Too often I have found myself a victim of the hyperbolic lie, sitting in some wretched bar listening to the latest sparkler of the western world. Unfortunately, the blues musicians I have seen in this context number among the absolute worst. It is a vacillating, forgiving genre, this blues idiom, full of copycats and dullards.

Frankly, these people seem to represent all polarities of mind and spirit. On one extreme, a plaintive graduate of Acoustic Blues Guitar I-A might arrive, fresh out of primal therapy, inarticulate, meek, and boring with crushing finality. For contrast, a flock of remedial musicians vaguely acquainted with a few chromatic half-steps, indulge in amplified mayhem, drawing ever tighter the correlation between volume and a vast absence of ability. With a sound like a hearty stomp on a cat's tail, I am reminded of the children belonging to the happy mating of a female sociologist with a male psychologist. Everybody was crazy.

A mean introduction to heaps of praise. Understand then, that B. B. King is the blues at its best. Understand that B. B. King is elegance, a word not often bandied about in this kind of company. He has a natural, fluid, almost casual expertise in a field cluttered with remnants. B. B. King is a musician's musician, an idle way of saying that within his range he is a leader, a superlative technician, and a creative force.

The list of superstar guitarists influenced by B. B. King seems endless. Jimi Hendrix, Eric Clapton, Jeff Beck, Mike Bloomfield, Elvin Bishop, and countless others on off into the night. He is a belated superstar himself, having spent twenty years in preparation for sudden success. When people talk of dues, I think of B. B. King and my attention wanders. Twenty years.

With credentials like these, one might expect a massive ego, a demanding personality, or much worse, artistic posturing. It is, after all, the norm. The case in this instance is quite the contrary. B. B. King is prompt, sincere, hard working, and a total professional. He is self-effacing without structure or outline. His identity is unrehearsed and honest, and the impression lingers that his music comes from much the same source. Everything about his presence seems personalized, from his songs to his melody lines. Even his guitar has a name: Lucille.

His references stretch from traditional bluesmen like Blind Lemon Jefferson and Bukka White to early jazz giants like Charlie Christian and Django Reinhardt. He projects a quiet, thoughtful introversion away from his music, and he is uneasy about words of praise.

On one occasion during a performance, I remember him mentioning a past preoccupation with correct grammar, thinking at the time it would insure a certain kind of elevated social status. B. B. King smiled when he told the story. He decided, quite pragmatically, I thought, that it wasn't worth the sweat. He was B. B. King and nobody else, and you could take it or leave it.

The same direct approach is present on record, without the inherent redundancy common to most forms of blues expression. B. B. King relies on the call and response technique, and he does not sing and play his guitar at the same time. Rather, each is offset against the other, utilizing a singular bending procedure in which the notes are stretched

to underline the poignancy or humor of the moment. Likewise, his instrumental lines are used to break up the mood or tempo, his exclamations slamming in with predictable showmanship and emphasis.

His most significant albums have been on the ABC label and include "Indianola Mississippi Seeds," "B. B. King in London," "B. B. King Live in the Cook County Jail," and "L. A. Midnight." His most recent effort, "Guess Who," has been out almost a year, but a new album, done with Stevie Wonder, should be available at any moment.

More importantly, recall that B. B. King is elegant. He does not make lousy records. He does not appear in work shirt and coveralls, freshly scrubbed after picking bales of cotton. He does not chase experience with a butterfly net, nor does he drop-kick his guitar from the dressing room to the stage.

He is a large, considerate, gentle man who dresses impeccably and favors a diamond ring on his left hand. He carries his guitar, Lucille, in a softly padded bag. Everything is personal. Everything is real. And B. B. King is the greatest blues guitarist alive. □

•FILMS•

by Betty Wise

Jesus Christ Superstar is a great motion picture, destined to become a classic. Audiences are going to come right out of their seats in excitement. To be as restrained as possible in assessment — it is electrifying.

Most of the young cast was drawn from some previous concert or stage incarnation of this famous rock opera. All are fine, but honors must go to Carl Anderson, whose Judas is almost unbelievable in its excellence. Anyone who doesn't get goose bumps is made of iron and ice.

Ironically, weakest of all is Ted Neeley in the title role, but he comes through in the crunch, and affects not at all the stunning impact of the whole.

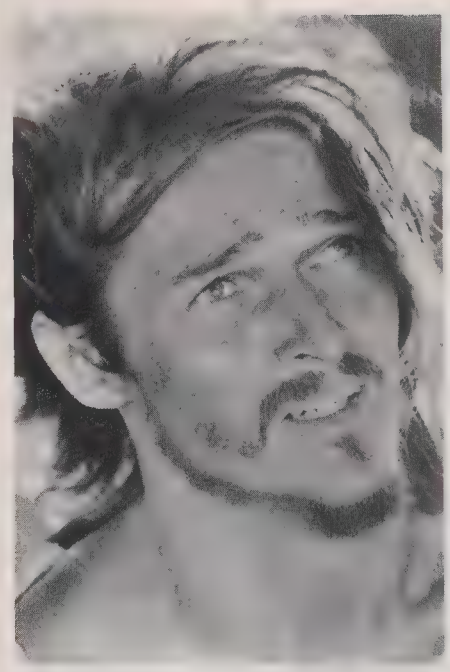
There are so many persons involved that it is impossible to compliment all of them. It would be criminal to miss at least four more. Yvonne Elliman brings to Mary Magdalene an intensity and reality of feeling that has seldom been seen on the screen. Joshua Mostel (Zero's son) is perfect as a camp, funny, psycho Herod; you'll loathe him while laughing. No less magnificent are Robert Bingham (with a Grand Opera bass that sets nerves twanging joyfully) as Caiaphas and Barry Dennen as Pontius Pilate.

Producer-director Norman Jewison deserves all possible credit for doing this movie among the stark, dry crags of Israel's desert region. The setting adds immeasurably to the quality. The rocks, even, are well cast.

Miss this one only if you must. It's a beauty.

Entirely different, but also marvelous in its own way, is *A Touch of Class*, the most aply named film of the season. It also is the most captivating adult one to be produced in years. Please read "adult" as meaning "mature," not "salacious."

Glenda Jackson and George Segal give what may be among the best performances of their careers as a couple



Ted Neeley as "Jesus Christ Superstar."

who carry on an affair not too long and not too successfully. Segal is married to another woman, and therein lies the complicative — and hilarious — crux of the matter. It's an updated, sophisticated version of *Brief Encounter* that jogs the funny bone more than the heart.

The duo's effort to sneak away from London for a week long tryst in Marbella will make you howl. You will guffaw as they make it on the airplane, but find doing so in bed fraught with obstacles that are simultaneously painful and laughable. There is a three-way slapstick brawl which is a marvel of construction. There is more . . . much more.

Segal has a well earned reputation for being good in this type of role. The discovery that the usually serious Miss Jackson is a skilled comedienne must be classed as pure serendipity.

No Puritan ethic is allowed for this one, but anyone who fails to laugh inordinately must be in dire need either of a physician or a mortician.

The Last of Sheila is a goodie for mystery addicts. It also boasts quite a cast in the major roles: Richard Benjamin, Dyan Cannon, James Coburn, Joan Hackett, Raquel Welch, Ian McShane, and James Mason. All perform well in a slight, macabre story about a man's efforts to track down the hit-and-run killer of his wife. He gets them on a yacht, captive suspects all.

Every person invited is a sorry failure, one way or another, which makes them easy prey for a man bent on vengeance. The script for all this is admirably tight up to a point near the end. At that juncture, poor James Mason is stuck with a verbal bit of end-tying-up which must have left him limp with fatigue. It exhausted me utterly. That's a small complaint, however, about a picture that is better-than-average escapist fare.

The long film neglect of Ibsen has been remedied in typical, improbable movieland fashion. *Two* versions of *A Doll's House* are now in release. One has Jane Fonda as the feminine lead; the other boasts Claire Bloom in the same part. The choice is up to you.

To those of us accustomed to present-day women liberationists, Ibsen's drama may seem stilted and outmoded. It caused an uproar when it was first produced, however, and serves as a good reminder of how long some social problems have been under serious consideration by great authors.

Battle for the Planet of the Apes is the fifth and, blessedly, final opus of this series. Roddy McDowall and Natalie Trundy are still playing their sweetly simian selves. They do all right, as always.

The script, however, is atrocious. This is obviously such a quickie spin-off to milk the box office that only those who were enchanted to the eyebrows with the four predecessors will find enjoyment in this one. Everyone else will go numb with boredom.

As only rabid fans of Robert Mitchum are going to like *The Friends of Eddie Coyle*, lovers of the novel will wince throughout the picture. Mitchum appears to be on the verge of falling asleep. You probably will. □

King Herod and members of his court — "Jesus Christ Superstar."

• BOOKS •

by Susan Wolfe

Marilyn Monroe, long after her death, continues to exercise an almost hypnotic attraction for males. Latest to succumb is Norman Mailer, whose biography, *Marilyn* (Grosset and Dunlap, $19.95), is likely to be this year's favorite coffee table display item.

Mailer actually was requested (an assignment he took, admittedly, to turn a quick dollar) to write only a preface for a splendid collection of Monroe photographs. When the Mailer ego encountered the Monroe legend, nothing but a plethora of verbiage could ensue. It did.

Still, the pictures may make this publication worth the price. Such notables as Richard Avedon, Cecil Beaton, and Philippe Halsman are represented. Too bad the original intent was not carried out; the magnificent photography should not have been allowed to be swamped by Mailer's words.

Hollywood legends are not limited to actors, of course. One of the most publicized in the last twenty years was baseball player Bo Belinsky. If Bo had been half as active in the ballpark as he was in the bedroom, he'd have made it to the Hall of Fame, a fact recognized repeatedly in sportswriter Maury Allen's juicy biography, *BO* (Dial, $6.95), an extraordinarily bright, lively telling of the Belinsky story.

The press conference to introduce Bo was held in Los Angeles, where Belinsky made his best pitches, both on the mound and at a host of movie lovelies, most especially Mamie Van Doren. Every sports analyst in town showed, and so did Mamie.

Everyone tried hard to capture the old magic. Reporters fired away — "Bo,

Marilyn Monroe in a scene from "Let's Make Love."

Photos Courtesy UPI

are you going to be a *Playgirl* centerfold?" — and Mamie tried, too. She kept reminding Bo (or was it he her?) about their violent arguments over his smoking in bed and thus discoloring the pristine white curtains on her four-poster. Stuff like that. Despite all efforts, it was not sexy. It was sad. Saddest of all was the knowledge that this attractive-looking man, only thirty-six years old, is now in limbo in Las Vegas. He seems to have no real job, no marriage (divorce ended his union with Playmate Jo Collins), and very little economic hope in what may prove to be a long life yet ahead.

This is one of the best books ever written about anyone in sports. Definitely worth reading.

Also now out, at last, is the eagerly awaited second (and final) volume of Elizabeth Longford's definitive study, *Wellington* (Harper and Row, $10). It amply fulfills the standard set in the first, and the duo must be recognized as one of the foremost biographical achievements of this century.

The entire project demonstrates anew how tenuous is the modern day theory that history shapes men, that individuals are but pawns of events. A great statesman once proclaimed that history is, on the contrary, but a series of notable upheavals caused by extraordinary, often deadly, single persons. Perhaps the truth lies somewhere in between, but a reader cannot help wondering where we all might be had the Duke of Wellington not lived.

If Napoleon had been able to realize his aim of conquering all of Europe, would it have been possible, at a later date, for Adolph Hitler to try the same thing? Had there been no Wellington, could anyone else have stopped Napoleon? What, then, of history?

The second portion begins where the first concluded, with the Battle of Waterloo. Wellington lived almost forty years after that climactic event, and his were not decades spent in retirement. In the end, he became more than a hero; he became an oracle.

Don't mistake this as a work only for scholars. It is so witty, so interesting, so captivating, that it will keep the attention of even the most tepid history buff. However, this is not meant in any way to imply that the writer's research is anything less than faultless.

The Matlock Paper (Dial, $7.95), by Robert Ludlum, is a surefire bet to remain on best seller fiction lists for a long time. Aimed especially at those who revel in suspense tales, it should garner a far wider audience than such writing usually does. Ludlum, a good actor, proves conclusively in this, his third novel, that the success of his first two was not accidental. This man can write far better lines than he usually has to parrot on stage or television.

The paper that gets the story rolling is a fragment, coated in silver, and supposedly a passport to a secret meeting of crime overlords. The conference, coincidentally, is to be held in Connecticut, near the small college where Matlock teaches English.

For reasons known only to its data bank, the Justice Department picks the innocent appearing Matlock as the man most likely to succeed in infiltrating the meeting and frustrating its criminal aims. He accepts the task, and is seldom thereafter seen on campus.

There is action in abundance, and marvelously deceptive plotting. Nothing is revealed to the reader too soon. Included also is enough hard, appalling information to scare some parents out of sending their sons to Ivy League schools. Never mind; you are guaranteed a treat from first to last paragraphs.

Equally fascinating, and almost as mysterious in parts, is Harrison E. Salisbury's factual *To Peking — And Beyond* (Quadrangle, $7.95). Here the Pulitzer prize-winning reporter details his journey through New China and the heretofore forbidden land of North Korea. This is a must for anyone concerned with the world as it actually is today. You may not be comforted, but you will be enlightened.

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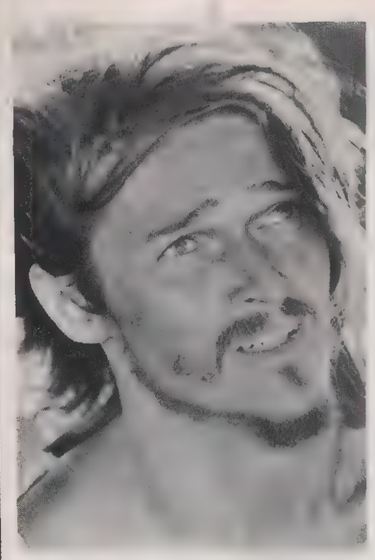

Ted Neeley as "Jesus Christ Superstar."

who carry on an affair not too long and not too successfully. Segal is married to another woman, and therein lies the complicative — and hilarious — crux of the matter. It's an updated, sophisticated version of *Brief Encounter* that jogs the funny bone more than the heart.

The duo's effort to sneak away from London for a week long tryst in Marbella will make you howl. You will guffaw as they make it on the airplane, but find doing so in bed fraught with obstacles that are simultaneously painful and laughable. There is a three-way slapstick brawl which is a marvel of construction. There is more . . . much more.

Segal has a well earned reputation for being good in this type of role. The discovery that the usually serious Miss Jackson is a skilled comedienne must be classed as pure serendipity.

No Puritan ethic is allowed for this one, but anyone who fails to laugh inordinately must be in dire need either of a physician or a mortician.

The Last of Sheila is a goodie for mystery addicts. It also boasts quite a cast in the major roles: Richard Benjamin, Dyan Cannon, James Coburn, Joan Hackett, Raquel Welch, Ian McShane, and James Mason. All perform well in a slight, macabre story about a man's efforts to track down the hit-and-run killer of his wife. He gets them on a yacht, captive suspects all.

Every person invited is a sorry failure, one way or another, which makes them easy prey for a man bent on vengeance. The script for all this is admirably tight up to a point near the end. At that juncture, poor James Mason is stuck with a verbal bit of end-tying-up which must have left him limp with fatigue. It exhausted me utterly. That's a small complaint, however, about a picture that is better-than-average escapist fare.

The long film neglect of Ibsen has been remedied in typical, improbable movieland fashion. *Two* versions of *A Doll's House* are now in release. One has Jane Fonda as the feminine lead; the other boasts Claire Bloom in the same part. The choice is up to you.

To those of us accustomed to present-day women liberationists, Ibsen's drama may seem stilted and outmoded. It caused an uproar when it was first produced, however, and serves as a good reminder of how long some social problems have been under serious consideration by great authors.

Battle for the Planet of the Apes is the fifth and, blessedly, final opus of this series. Roddy McDowall and Natalie Trundy are still playing their sweetly simian selves. They do all right, as always.

The script, however, is atrocious. This is obviously such a quickie spin-off to milk the box office that only those who were enchanted to the eyebrows with the four predecessors will find enjoyment in this one. Everyone else will go numb with boredom.

As only rabid fans of Robert Mitchum are going to like *The Friends of Eddie Coyle*, lovers of the novel will wince throughout the picture. Mitchum appears to be on the verge of falling asleep. You probably will. □

King Herod and members of his court — "Jesus Christ Superstar."

·BOOKS·

by Susan Wolfe

Marilyn Monroe, long after her death, continues to exercise an almost hypnotic attraction for males. Latest to succumb is Norman Mailer, whose biography, *Marilyn* (Grosset and Dunlap, $19.95), is likely to be this year's favorite coffee table display item.

Mailer actually was requested (an assignment he took, admittedly, to turn a quick dollar) to write only a preface for a splendid collection of Monroe photographs. When the Mailer ego encountered the Monroe legend, nothing but a plethora of verbiage could ensue. It did.

Still, the pictures may make this publication worth the price. Such notables as Richard Avedon, Cecil Beaton, and Philippe Halsman are represented. Too bad the original intent was not carried out; the magnificent photography should not have been allowed to be swamped by Mailer's words.

Hollywood legends are not limited to actors, of course. One of the most publicized in the last twenty years was baseball player Bo Belinsky. If Bo had been half as active in the ballpark as he was in the bedroom, he'd have made it to the Hall of Fame, a fact recognized repeatedly in sportswriter Maury Allen's juicy biography, *BO* (Dial, $6.95), an extraordinarily bright, lively telling of the Belinsky story.

The press conference to introduce Bo was held in Los Angeles, where Belinsky made his best pitches, both on the mound and at a host of movie lovelies, most especially Mamie Van Doren. Every sports analyst in town showed, and so did Mamie.

Everyone tried hard to capture the old magic. Reporters fired away — "Bo, are you going to be a *Playgirl* centerfold?" — and Mamie tried, too. She kept reminding Bo (or was it he her?) about their violent arguments over his smoking in bed and thus discoloring the pristine white curtains on her four-poster. Stuff like that. Despite all efforts, it was not sexy. It was sad. Saddest of all was the knowledge that this attractive-looking man, only thirty-six years old, is now in limbo in Las Vegas. He seems to have no real job, no marriage (divorce ended his union with Playmate Jo Collins), and very little economic hope in what may prove to be a long life yet ahead.

Marilyn Monroe in a scene from "Let's Make Love."

Photos Courtesy UPI

This is one of the best books ever written about anyone in sports. Definitely worth reading.

Also now out, at last, is the eagerly awaited second (and final) volume of Elizabeth Longford's definitive study, *Wellington* (Harper and Row, $10). It amply fulfills the standard set in the first, and the duo must be recognized as one of the foremost biographical achievements of this century.

The entire project demonstrates anew how tenuous is the modern day theory that history shapes men, that individuals are but pawns of events. A great statesman once proclaimed that history is, on the contrary, but a series of notable upheavals caused by extraordinary, often deadly, single persons. Perhaps the truth lies somewhere in between, but a reader cannot help wondering where we all might be had the Duke of Wellington not lived.

If Napoleon had been able to realize his aim of conquering all of Europe, would it have been possible, at a later date, for Adolph Hitler to try the same thing? Had there been no Wellington, could anyone else have stopped Napoleon? What, then, of history?

The second portion begins where the first concluded, with the Battle of Waterloo. Wellington lived almost forty years after that climactic event, and his were not decades spent in retirement. In the end, he became more than a hero; he became an oracle.

Don't mistake this as a work only for scholars. It is so witty, so interesting, so captivating, that it will keep the attention of even the most tepid history buff. However, this is not meant in any way to imply that the writer's research is anything less than faultless.

The Matlock Paper (Dial, $7.95), by Robert Ludlum, is a surefire bet to remain on best seller fiction lists for a long time. Aimed especially at those who revel in suspense tales, it should garner a far wider audience than such writing usually does. Ludlum, a good actor, proves conclusively in this, his third novel, that the success of his first two was not accidental. This man can write far better lines than he usually has to parrot on stage or television.

The paper that gets the story rolling is a fragment, coated in silver, and supposedly a passport to a secret meeting of crime overlords. The conference, coincidentally, is to be held in Connecticut, near the small college where Matlock teaches English.

For reasons known only to its data bank, the Justice Department picks the innocent appearing Matlock as the man most likely to succeed in infiltrating the meeting and frustrating its criminal aims. He accepts the task, and is seldom thereafter seen on campus.

There is action in abundance, and marvelously deceptive plotting. Nothing is revealed to the reader too soon. Included also is enough hard, appalling information to scare some parents out of sending their sons to Ivy League schools. Never mind; you are guaranteed a treat from first to last paragraphs.

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A natural high—Williamson in Universal's soon to be released "That Man Bolt"

Photographs by John Hamilton & John Shearer
Centerfold coordinated by Toni Holt

"The Hammer" Hits

Known by the above appellation when he was playing with the Kansas City Chiefs, Fred Williamson hails himself "the black Clark Gable." "And at that," says the 6 foot, 4 inch, 220 pound peacock, "I'm being modest."

He's a fan of Muhammad Ali and himself—not necessarily in that order—a bear with a burr in his big toe. Not that he'll lift your head off—but don't mess with his honey.

"I developed my style when I was eight years old, patterned it after a kid in school. A mean-looking bastard, there was something about the way he walked, and the fact that he didn't say much. He didn't have to.

"I was a pretty boy. Shit, I grew up fighting. I once spent six months in jail for assault and battery. Eight guys jumped me and I nearly killed two of them. I don't take crap from nobody, never have, and never will.

"I don't have many men friends. Eventually they think they've got to compete and that tears it. Women fall into two categories—friends, and those I take to bed. They can never be both. Sometimes I wake up and there are three chicks fixin' me eggs and bacon. They're friends and they know I'm not going to bed with them, because that would change it. They wanna come around, drink some wine, sit in the sun, they can. Marriage? Never. I'm a bad risk. I like pretty things too much . . :

"There was a girl once and we loved one another, but neither of us wanted marriage. We did want a child and we had one. Right now I've got a girl I'd like to stay with for a while, but we'd have to make it somewhere other than L.A. because she'd want to go the Hollywood route and that's not for me. I go out every once in a while just to let them know I'm around. Here I am. This is what I got. This is how I move. You know what I mean?

"Adulation? Who's kidding who? It means nothing to me. I'm too smart for that. Sure they're climbing the walls. I got kids dancing around me like I'm Custer. Little old ladies screaming 'I know you.' But when they forget, man, it's over and *out*.

"It's crazy. Like they're paying me $50,000 a week. Ain't nobody worth that kind of money doing what I'm doing. Who's worth it? The guy who picks up the garbage—not the guy who's dumpin' it. And when it's all over, man, and people ain't goin' to see Fred Williamson movies anymore, I'll hang it up. I'll split and tell 'em, 'You've been screwed, baby.'

"I went to see Otto Preminger, and he asked me to read. 'Okay,' I said, 'I'll read.' And some goddamn dullard began throwing me lines and it wasn't happening. The room was full of suckers and Preminger sitting there looking at me, and he's supposed to be a mean son-of-a-bitch. I knew it wasn't going well so I tore the script in half, told him it was shit and started to walk out. He said, 'You could never do it, anyway. You big football players get soft when you quit.' He's squeezin' my arm. 'This character,' he said, 'has got to be strong enough to lift a crippled man and carry him over his head.' 'Is that right?' I said, and I grabbed Mr. Otto Preminger by the tits and held him over my head until the money was fallin' out of his pockets. He wasn't saying much when I left, but I got the part the next day."

Fred Williamson has come a long way from a ghetto in the steel town of Gary, Indiana, to Chicago where he grew up, to Northwestern University, from which august institution he graduated with a degree in architectural engineering and a minor in psychology, to Malibu Beach, California, where he lives in splendiferous surroundings with his soul mate, a white sheep dog named Caesar.

"I've gotten everything I've ever gone after because I believe in myself, because I know I can do it. And I make my own deals. I don't trust *anybody*. When I was playing ball I made 'em hate me. They had a gate of thirty thousand, and I said, 'I'll give you fifty. And when I do, you're gonna pay.' So I started bad-mouthing the club and the city and I got 'em riled up. We hit 50,000 next gate and never went below.

"What do I really want? Contentment. I'm not gonna be an actor all my life. I'll get tired of it and they'll get tired of me. I have a background in architecture. I've trained as a psychologist. I want to build a beautiful house. But right now I wanna get out of this goddamn tea room."

He grinned, threw down the last of his bourbon and Seven-Up, covered the tab with a ten dollar bill, and eased his massive frame out of a chintz-covered, Louis Quinze chair. "Besides, I got a couple of chicks waitin' for me back at the hotel."

He could have had at least four more as he fielded his way through the crowd and out into the night. □

ILLUSTRATED BY CRAIG NELSON

"Who Says Women Don't Understand Football?"

by Constance Ollave • Let me stress one thing from the start. My David is not a jock. (He is a computer company vice-president.) And I am no sports widow.

How I pity those ladies I've read of, but never have met, whose husbands sit rapt by the television every weekend, each summer and winter and spring, as baseball yields to basketball and then hockey begins.

Ours is a very civilized union, if I may say so. One of our principal leisure activities is reading aloud to one another from fat Victorian novels, and while we have a passionate interest in the fate of Dombey and Son, we could not care less about the prospects for this year's Dodgers. Middlemarch is our home base, not Madison Square Garden.

There is one notable exception, however, to this unathletic state of affairs.

David does love his football.

It doesn't bother me — at least not in the way you might expect. It wasn't a horrible surprise sprung on me honeymoon week (August 1970). I knew about it before we were married. One of our first dates was for a Rams night game; we shared a blanket; I think the Rams beat whoever it was. I do not happen to share David's enthusiasm for watching grown men fastfoot it around a field, but I honestly have nothing against the game. In fact, when I was in high school it meant as much to me as it does to David now. If my husband has a craving for something not to my taste, he's entitled. I can never get him to stay awake with me those evenings Burt Reynolds guest-hosts the "Tonight Show," and I usually have to go to rock concerts without him. So let him have his handful of Saturday mornings and Sunday afternoons and Monday evenings in front of the tube. Let him invite his companions over to relish each instant replay in ec-

static congress, washing the golden moments down with sixteen-ounce cans of malt liquor. (I'm not even worried about David's sprouting a beer belly; we do our morning situps side by side.)

What *used* to be annoying was his attitude towards me.

He tacitly insists that I cannot know anything about football.

It's nothing he says. It's his thinly veiled air of tolerance whenever I wander briefly into the den with fresh sandwiches or a six-pack and linger to observe a few plays. All his buddies exude the same vibration. They are not jocks either. No one snarls at me to be quiet or leave. Everyone is quite polite. But they are waiting – impatiently – for me to say something stupid!

Of course I don't know all the technical terms; I'm not interested enough to learn. Offensive and defensive units, right? Four downs, four chances to pick up the big yardage before punting the pigskin back to the other team, correct? You can play a "running game" or you can "put the ball in the air," isn't that so? Those are the basics, it seems to me, and everything else is mere flummery.

But David and his friends are masters of the jargon. No subtlety or strategy or execution is too swift to escape their knowledgeable scrutiny, instant analysis, and sophisticated appreciation. "Did you see Washington, the way he faked that lineman—who is that—Olson? Perfection!" "It was Peoples who set it up, the way he took out McKeever—*that's* where they should have had the isolated camera."

All this expertise makes me suspicious. I think they doth protest too much. Protest what? I think I know. I think I know what football is really about.

When I was in high school, as I have hinted, football was one of my ruling passions. I hadn't any greater familiarity with the terminology then than I have now, but my love for it was no less than the love expressed by the gentlemen who gather regularly this time of year in my den. What I adored about football were the boys in uniform; not all of them brawny but all unmistakably male, arrayed against each other in an exhibition that had little to do with finesse and a whole lot to do with brute strength. All those bodies crashing into each other, then getting up (usually) to crash into one another again – glorious! And at the end of it all, one romantic figure is elevated above his fellows, carried on the shoulders of frenzied admirers through a worshipful crowd – the one who has most proved himself, the *realest* of real men, the undeniably erotic hero of the game!

I think David loves football for the same reasons.

I'm not suggesting my husband has secret, sublimated sexual desires. It's not the quarterback he wants (like I wanted curly-headed Jeff Strecewzki), it's the quarterback's potent aura of power he'd like to acquire. His brain recognizes dimly this motive behind his vicarious participation, and in order to hide it from himself and from others the logical-sounding adult in him constructs an elaborate smokescreen which it calls "game theory." All the dissection of individual plays, the awarding of merits and demerits, the arcane language is double-talk and coverup to divert attention from that very simple underlying attraction. (Of course it is essential to maintain that the near-science of football cannot be comprehended by the female's casual glance, lest the smokescreen be rendered invisible by that glance.)

Once I realized this, my trips to the den became much more enjoyable.

Their chairs are arranged in a semicircle discreetly imitating the huddle on field, but the sedate atmosphere contrasts remarkably with the bonecrushing action being viewed. They are not rowdies. Speaking in undertones and sipping their ale like vermouth, they are connoisseurs of collision. Given this cerebal audience, with the sound turned down, what they are watching might resemble ballet.

"It looks like a ballet," I offer, assuming a naive tone. David smiles indulgently.

"What do you think, Charles?" he asks the man on his right, a public relations expert. "Will they attempt that new end-around, or will Nolan try a field goal?"

"Hmmm," Charles ponders. "Gosset has been pretty effective recently, especially against the Redskins last week. But that bad leg could give him trouble. Considering the all-out rush they're going to get, they'll probably punt."

"But they've got all that ground to cover," I say, "and this is their fourth try, isn't it? Their last chance? Wouldn't they go for 'the long one'? That's what I'd do."

"That would be too risky, dear," David tells me in the split-second he can spare from the screen. Together we peer at the blue-jerseyed figure falling back, back, his arm cocked, then firing off a perfect forty-eight-yard pass to his receiver, who trots easily into the end-zone.

"They went with the long one!" I shout.

"Kwalick lucked out on that one," David remarks drily, ignoring me, scanning the replay. "Look at the defender now – he's not even covering. The guy simply wasn't doing his job. A cheap six points."

Sometimes, after leaving the room, I remain outside, unseen, and listen to their oohs and aahs which are a bit more uninhibited when I am not present. "Look at that –look at that—he's gonna make it –beautiful!" I am invariably reminded of my own girlish cheering years ago: "Go, Jerry! Go! Go Go!" It's all rather sweet and amusing, and I keep it to myself.

I don't really mind his not wanting to admit that I know the *true* nature of what's being decided in those stadiums and teevee rooms. It's all right, too, that when the boys have gone home David's not in the mood for our reading aloud from Victorian novels. Whether regarded with David's analytical approach or from my more practical point of view, football never fails to evoke its magic. Usually after these games he has other things on his mind, things decidedly non-Victorian. □

CIRCUMCISION FOR WOMEN

by Cathrine Kellison • Not long ago, a friend of mine was circumcised. My friend is a woman.

My initial reactions ranged from "oh my goodness' to "REALLY?" After the shock wave passed, we sat down over coffee while she explained, answering my questions.

It sounded good. Greater sexual sensations, closer communication with one's partner, higher levels of orgasm. I decided to find out more and raced down to my neighborhood library.

I read like mad. Though rather dimly aware of my genitalia, I had never really taken the time to find out how it all worked. There were some books packed with general information, myths, phallus-cies, as well as intellectual, emotional, and political poppycock. Yet others were fascinating and candid. Being a Woman of Today, I naturally assumed that I knew pretty much all there was to know. My first mistake. I was still back in the Freudian days where a woman could only reach a "normal," adult and mature orgasm in the vagina, and the clitoris merely existed as a hidden little blossom, occasionally discovered but more often misunderstood, abused, or ignored.

I found more books. Many of the more recent findings in the field of sexology insist that not only is woman the only sex to have an organ (her clitoris) that exists for the sole purpose of giving pleasure, she is also equally, if not more, capable than the male of enjoying her sexuality! She is multi-orgasmic, physiologically capable of having an almost endless series of orgasms. Man simply isn't.

The illuminating blow came when I learned that there is essentially no difference between a vaginal and a clitoral orgasm. An Orgasm is An Orgasm is An Orgasm. Period. That old faithful stand-by, the vagina, is falling from its long-occupied place of honor in some respects: there are actually so very few nerve endings or sensations in the vagina. Most all of it starts with the clitoris.

I was more than mildly distressed. If we are so potentially erotic, seething on the inside with great bursts of passion flames, what happened to it all? Where did it get turned into gentle submission and self-doubt? I began to feel the fire had burned out before I'd gotten there.

A couple more "how-to-do-it" books

(continued on page 124)

PHOTOGRAPHED BY RON MESAROS

Playgirl's Idol In The Raw

Not just another little *cigar*.

Playgirl's Idol In The Raw

Not just another little *cigar .*

Of Love, Death, and Longshots

There was nothing to lose. She was already dead.

by Mike Aron I never met the woman whose story I am about to tell you. I only saw her once, and that was two days after she had died. Her body was frozen solid. It was wrapped in what appeared to be cheesecloth and rested in a wooden box along with a few large chunks of dry ice. I can remember reaching down to touch her cheek and thinking to myself that it felt like a popsicle. It had that texture. We were in a mortuary in Buena Park, California, where the woman was being prepared for shipment to New Jersey. She is there now, in a stainless steel cylinder full of liquid nitrogen at minus 320 degrees.

If I speak of her in the present tense, it is because in a sense she may still be "alive." At least that is the hope of the people who froze her. They even hope she may one day be brought back to life, when science has discovered a cure for the cancer that killed her and a reliable method for thawing her out. But more on that later. First, I want to tell you how I came to be at the mortuary that bleak November day, and why it has taken me so long to write this story.

In late October, 1972, I received a call from Robert Nelson of the Cryonics Society of California. The Cryonics Society is a non-profit scientific foundation devoted to the extension of life through cryonic suspension (the freezing of dead bodies), and Nelson, its president, has personally supervised twelve of the fifteen suspensions to date in America. He was calling me because a few months earlier I had written an article on cryonics, and we had become friends. Most articles on freezing-for-reanimation have treated the subject as the pipe-dream of lunatics, or at best as a curious ritual with weak foundations in science, but my article had been rather favorable, and Nelson appreciated it. Frankly, I was intrigued by the idea of people being brought back to life in another century, and still am. As ridiculous as it sounds, the idea definitely has merit.

My article had told the story of an eight-year-old French-Candian girl dying of cancer, whose parents brought her to California to be placed in cryonic suspension. When she died at Los Angeles Children's Hospital in January, 1972, she became the fourteenth person ever to have been frozen at death and the first child. On the basis of that article, Nelson and I established a sort of loose agreement: whenever the next suspension should happen to take place, I would be given access to it in a way that no journalist ever had. That is to say, I would be allowed to witness the freezing process itself and then be given first rights to interview the surviving members of the family.

As I say, it was a loose agreement, not a promise. Nelson was in no position to make such a promise because much would depend on the wishes of the family concerned and the circumstances of the death. And at that time, Nelson had no way of knowing who the next freezee would be, or when the freezing would take place.

The phone call in October, then, was the call I had been waiting for. Nelson told me that a 50-year-old woman was dying of cancer and would probably be suspended when she succumbed. Doctors were giving her anywhere from two to six weeks to live, he said. The family's name was Brody. Nelson had been contacted by the woman's son, a young urban planner for the County of Los Angeles, and initial preparations had already been made for her suspension.

I asked Nelson to tell me about the family. He said they were an educated family, Jewish, and very respectable. The woman's husband was a pediatrician and a professor of pediatrics at a well-known medical school. They lived in Beverly Hills and had two grown-up children. The son, Lester, was a likeable, intelligent young man, married to a very attractive girl. The daughter, Jennie, was a graduate student in anthropology at UCLA. It was Lester, Nelson said, who had first contacted him about the

woman's illness and the possibility of having her body frozen.

It is not easy to call a man whose mother is dying, especially when your interest in the matter is basically exploitative. I smoked a couple of cigarettes, then called Brody at his office in the County Administration Building. He was very nice, but he said I was calling him at a bad time. His mother had taken a turn for the worse, and he just didn't want to talk about any magazine articles. He suggested I call him in a week. That was on November 10.

On November 13, at 7:45 in the morning, Nancy Brody died. She was in bed in her home in Beverly Hills, and her husband, Bert, was the only one present at the time. Being an M.D., he was able to discern that her vital signs had ceased. He was grief-stricken, but he knew there was work to be done, and he set about his pre-arranged tasks almost immediately.

He went to a refrigerator on the back porch of the house and took out blocks of ice that had been placed there in the event of Nancy's death. He carried the ice into the bedroom, split it in half and packed it against his wife's body, starting at the head and working down. Then he went to the telephone and made two calls. One was to an ambulance company that had been on standby notice for five days. The other was to Robert Nelson.

An ambulance arrived at the Brody home at 8:15 a.m. Following written instructions supplied by Nelson, two attendants lifted Nancy out of bed and placed her in a plastic bag lined at the bottom with crushed ice. Then they carried her outside to the ambulance and connected her to a heart-lung machine, which would keep blood circulating through her body and nourishing her cells with oxygen. While one attendant applied fresh ice packs to the body, the other, the driver, sped down the San Diego Freeway towards Buena Park, where Nelson and several cryonics technicians were waiting at a mortuary to perform the suspension. Eight hours later Nancy's body temperature was down to minus 140 degrees.

The next day Nelson called me and told me that Nancy had died. The suspension had already taken place, he said, and had gone very smoothly. He apologized for not inviting me to witness the process but said there had been no time to make arrangements. The death had been sudden, he said. And as we both knew, the first minutes and hours after death are the most crucial time for cryonics patients. If they are not administered to promptly and properly, their chances of ever being reanimated are totally negligible.

Nelson offered to take me to the mortuary the following day. There he would re-enact the freezing process for me and show me the woman's body. Never having seen a dead body before, let alone a frozen one, I accepted. That is how I came to touch her cheek.

The reason I have waited so long to tell this story is more complicated. It involves negotiations with several outside parties, and a painful give-and-take with the surviving members of the Brody family. I can only tell the story now by disguising the family's identity. It is not that they are ashamed of or embarrassed at what they have done. Rather, they loved Nancy so dearly they want simply to let her rest in peace. They feel that a story written by someone who never knew her would fail to convey the fine qualities that made her so important to each of them, and they are probably right. Certainly, they are entitled to the privacy of the mourning.

On November 27, two weeks to the day after his mother's death, I met Lester Brody for lunch at Francisco's coffee shop in downtown Los Angeles. We chose Francisco's because it was near his office in the County Administration Building. To ease the conversation, I first asked him about his job. He wasn't crazy about it, he told me. He had been Phi Beta Kappa at Berkeley and had gone to Harvard Business School, but he feared he was becoming the kind of bureaucrat he had always found slightly pathetic. On the other hand, he said, he had been so concerned about his mother's condition over the past six months that he really hadn't been able to devote himself to his work as much as he would have liked to.

Nancy had been perfectly healthy, he told me, until the previous April, when she complained of a throat discomfort. She and Lester's father had been planning a trip to Hawaii, and before the trip she decided to pay a routine visit to her doctor, who also happened to be her husband's brother. The doctor took x-rays and discovered a spot on her left lung the size of a quarter. The spot turned out to be adinocarcinoma, a rare form of cancer which attacks the glands that lubricate the lung, and, ironically, the same type of lung cancer that had claimed Bert Brody's mother in 1933, long before Bert and Nancy had ever met. Neither woman had ever smoked cigarettes.

"Ninety-nine percent of the time this condition is terminal," Lester said. "We knew immediately what it meant. Mom found out gradually. I think my father told her the truth right before she was operated on in late April. The bad lung was removed then, but the cancer had spread. She would never again return to the hospital, except for outpatient radiation treatments. She wanted to convalesce at home. It was all so unexpected."

The Brodys had lived in Los Angeles for twenty-four years, Lester told me. Most of those years were spent on the fashionable West Side of town. Bert's medical practice earned him a generous income, and the family had always lived well. Originally, they hailed from Cleveland. Bert and Nancy met as students at Case Western University. Both had been raised in working-class Jewish neighborhoods in Cleveland, both were the children of European immigrants, and both had lost their mothers in childhood, Bert when he was eleven, Nancy when she was only four. They married in 1941, and Nancy gave up her intention to be a teacher in order to take a job in a defense plant while Bert went to medical school. Then the children were born, in 1944 and 1947, and the Brodys decided to move to California, the promised land. During their first eighteen years in Los Angeles, they bought, sold, and occupied twelve different houses. Finally in 1965, when the children were of college age, they settled on a modest house on the edge of a cliff in Benedict Canyon, an exclusive section of Beverly Hills. (Their house was 500 yards from the one in which Sharon Tate and four others were slain by the Manson family.)

Why so many houses, I asked Lester? "Oh, houses are sort of mother symbols, I suppose," he said. "The rest of us would have been content to stay in one house, but there was always a feeling on my father's part that we had to move on, as if he were searching for his own mother who had died so many years ago."

The summer of '72 had been the most painful one of their lives, Lester continued. After Nancy's illness, Bert suspended his medical practice in order to be by her side twenty-four hours a day. They went to specialist after specialist, and always the prognosis was the same. A sense of desperation set in. Nancy was extremely courageous and never let them dwell on the subject of her disease; she tried hard to keep their spirits up and urged them to live for the present. But her condition was gradually deteriorating. Her eyes and mouth began to droop. Radiation treatments caused her hair to fall out. Chemotherapy treatments nearly killed her and had to be discontinued. She had been such a beautiful woman all her life (family friends have told me she looked like Marilyn Monroe), and it devastated everyone to see her dying before their very eyes.

Lester is a very engaging young man,

gentle in manner, compulsively honest, and obviously quite intelligent. Why would a young man like this want to see his mother frozen rather than simply buried or cremated? To begin to understand why, you have to know something about cryonic suspension. The basic idea has been kicking around for decades. Jules Verne, the 19th Century science fiction writer, anticipated it long ago in a short story on suspended animation. Other writers of fantasy have recognized that cold temperatures may be able to preserve life, as in the case of mastodons frozen during the Ice Age only to "wake up" after the thaw. It wasn't until 1964, however, when a physics professor named Robert C. W. Ettinger published a book entitled *The Prospect of Immortality*, that the idea began to be taken seriously by a handful of scientists and interested laymen. (It is still not taken seriously by 99 percent of the scientific community.) In his book, Ettinger argued that "death, like old age, can now be regarded as a disease; a very serious disease, to be sure; indeed, generally fatal, but not necessarily incurable."

Ettinger's thesis was simple and seductive. As any doctor knows, the human body does not die all at once but in stages. A person is clinically and legally dead the moment his heartbeat, respiration, and brain waves cease, but his individual cells and tissues die more slowly, anywhere from five minutes to forty-eight hours later (which explains why hearts can be transplanted from deceased donors to living patients, and also why male corpses sometimes grow whiskers, or as the morticians call it, "casket stubble"). Ettinger reasoned that if a body were to be frozen immediately after clinical death, by special techniques that would minimize the damage that freezing can do to individual cells, and then stored at liquid nitrogen temperature (minus 320 degrees), there would be virtually no further deterioration for an essentially indefinite period. When future generations of scientists discovered a cure for the disease that killed the body (including the "disease" of old age), the body could be thawed out, treated, and possibly reanimated.

"A newly deceased human body is usually only 'slightly dead' in that the malfunction is limited and most of the cells still viable," Ettinger had written. "In most cases, presumably, a more advanced medical science would regard this 'cadaver' as a patient, and cure him. Since we cannot bring that potential art to the patient, we must bring the patient to the future." Ettinger conceded that his proposal was a 'longshot,' but he seemed to be saying: try it anyway, you've got nothing to lose, you're dead already.

Lester Brody had heard of cryonic suspension. "I was vaguely aware that people had been frozen," he told me. Then in June, two months after the discovery of his mother's cancer, he came across an article on the subject and clipped it out of the magazine — "half with my mother in mind," he said, "and half because I just save interesting articles." He showed the article to his father, who professed a mild interest in it, then decided to seek more information on his own.

In July, he contacted Robert Nelson of the Cryonics Society. The two men met shortly thereafter and took an immediate liking to one another. (Nelson has since told me that the Brody suspension was one of the easiest he has ever had to perform, because of the intelligence and sensitivity of the family.) Nelson explained the suspension methods to Lester in great detail, and they rehashed all the scientific arguments for believing that human life can be preserved and restored. Nelson also told Lester that the process costs somewhere between fifteen and twenty thousand dollars, five thousand for the stainless steel capsule and the remainder for "maintenance in perpetuity" (i.e., fresh supplies of liquid nitrogen every three months, forever). Although the Brodys lived in a $65,000 house and drove new cars, that amount of money was still something to reckon with. Like many families in their income bracket, they had little savings. Three weeks later Lester managed to come up with $5,000, which he donated to the Cryonics Society with the stipulation that the money be refunded if the family decided not to have Nancy suspended.

"I was the prime mover," Lester said. "I would have gladly traded the freezing for another six months of life for her, because that would be more real and tangible. But, unfortunately, that was an option not open to us. Perhaps the money would have been better spent on starving children in India, I don't know. I can't say I believe cryonic suspension will work. I recognize the low likelihood of its helping her. But there is always that outside chance. Anyway, it was only money.

"My father thought it was awfully far fetched, and yet he was willing to concede that nobody can say with certainty what's possible and what's impossible. His attitude seemed to be: it's a dream, it's science fiction, but if you want to do it, let's go ahead. Just yesterday he said, 'Wouldn't it be something if we were all sitting around together in three hundred years?' — so apparently it's been of some comfort to him.

"My mother, on the other hand, didn't want to talk about it. There was never any mention on her part of what would be done at the funeral, or even if there would be a funeral. It was too uncomfortable to talk about in her presence. After all, there was the chance that she might live, or at least live longer than the doctors had predicted. My sister was the same way. She didn't want to talk about it as long as mother was alive. I don't think she really approves of what we did."

"Did your mother know that you were seriously contemplating cryonic suspension?"

"Well, she must have known that there was a refrigerator on the back porch that hadn't been there before. She rarely left her bedroom after July — she was too weak to do anything but rest — but I'm sure she knew about the refriger-

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"Surely you remember—you caught me here once before."

Fatties Arise!

You Have Nothing To Lose But Your Stored Fat Deposits!

by Stephanie Caruana • Day eleven. Simeons's diet. Eight pounds gone, seventeen to go. I feel great. No hunger or depression. My blue jeans, skin tight two weeks ago, are comically baggy because I've lost two inches from waist and hips. In twenty-nine days, I hope to be at my ideal weight. I wish I had known about this marvelous method years ago instead of spending most of my adult life on one diet or another, either trying to lose weight or trying not to gain.

Diets come and diets go—but fat, alas, remains. Why? Here is a doctor's explanation, based on fascinating insights into the evolution of the human brain—plus a safe, effective treatment regimen that has been used by more than half a million people over the last twenty years with excellent results.

The doctor is A. T. W. Simeons, the author of *Man's Presumptuous Brain.* The book contains a brilliant discussion of a host of psychosomatic diseases, including obesity. According to Dr. Simeons, most of our peculiarly human diseases—as well as our cultural advances—stem from the fact that the primitive part of our brain, the diencephalon, which is in charge of maintaining our basic body functions, has never gotten in touch with the thinking, rational part of our brain—the cerebral cortex—and the result is chaos.

The nicest things about Dr. Simeons's treatment for overweight are:

1. It works! You can, with proper medical supervision, lose all the weight you need to lose within a relatively short time—*safely.*
2. You can keep the weight off once you have lost it.
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OVERWEIGHT — OR OBESE?

Whether you are 3 or 300 pounds overweight, there is a good chance that you are among the nine out of ten people who have inherited a tendency toward obesity. If you have ever been ten pounds or more overweight over a period of time, the chances are that you have bounced up and down the weight scale, from diet to diet, and from fat to thin, with results ranging from good to horrid. However—let's be honest—the weight you may have lost so painfully is always *there,* waiting to be gained back, like a nasty little ghost, if you slip up in your dieting. You will *never, ever* lose your tendency toward obesity (neither will I), because if you didn't have it, you would never have gotten fat in the first place.

THE VENUS OF WILLENDORF WAS FAT, TOO

Obesity is a survival mechanism. The common human tendency to gain weight is an inheritance from our tubby foremothers—those devastatingly yummy fat ladies who were considered the sexiest and most desirable wives back in the New Stone Age. Archaeological expeditions around the Mediterranean have dug up hundreds of stone figurines representing a kind of Earth Mother-Goddess—the ideal female

ILLUSTRATED BY GRETA ELGAARD

form—and if you think you need to watch your weight, you might take a look at one of these ladies, with her pendulous breasts and gigantic thighs. The body mechanism of storing fat deposits which could be released during periods of nutritional stress, such as a famine or a pregnancy, was highly successful during prehistoric times, when the ladies sat in their ice-bound caves waiting for the men folk to bring home the mammoth. Under these conditions, the greater her stored fat deposits, the more likely the lady was to survive and to bring forth healthy children—children who, alas, inherited Mommy's marvelous fat-storing capacity.

But times and styles have changed, and what was the height of chic at the end of the Ice Age is definitely *de trop* today. At various times in human history, fatness was a welcome sign of human prosperity. Today, high fashion decrees that a woman be gaunt to the point of emaciation—almost as a display of reverse though unconscious snobbery. She may look as though she could not possibly survive from one meal to another—but isn't this the best sign that *her* next meal is absolutely guaranteed? Ergo, the skinny lady is indubitably prosperous, and doesn't have to carry her wealth about on her hips, so to speak.

Somewhere behind every fashionably skinny lady of today, there lurks a short, fat Venus trying to get out!

ALL FAT IS NOT BAD

Some fat is *essential* — the kind that pads and supports our internal organs, cushions our feet, and keeps our skin smooth and unwrinkled. Other fat is needed for a normal energy reserve, which we can draw on between meals and in emergencies.

But there is a third kind of fat: the kind that is stored in what Dr. Simeons termed a "fixed fat deposit." The fat-banking operations of the diencephalon are beyond our conscious control, but they do make sense. Our normal fat reserves may be compared to a small checking account, on which we can draw at any time for the energy we need each day. Our fixed fat deposits are like a fat savings deposit, which the diencephalon makes for us whenever our ready-energy checking account gets too big for it to handle. But there is one hitch: we can't withdraw energy from these fixed fat storage areas except under very special conditions.

Your fixed fat deposits can be found clinging in unsightly globs to your underarms, your chin, face, stomach and waistline, your hips and thighs, and your shoulder area. Want to get rid of them? Read on.

The permanent fat storage mechanism which results in obesity can be triggered by periods of overeating, which may in turn be caused by some unusual emotional stress, social pressures (Eat! Eat!), or the inherited lack of a controlling mechanism that tells you to stop eating once you have had enough. You may also be suffering from hypoglycemia (low blood sugar) or improper food metabolism.

Once the vicious cycle of obesity is established, your diencephalon begins to handle food intake in a particularly dumb way. Let's say you eat a fairly large meal. Your normal cushioning fat and the reserves in your current fat account are replenished first, while any excess is squirreled away in your fixed fat reserves. And you can't get it out again—no matter how much you may need it! So you quickly feel hungry again. You may desperately crave food, while at the same time you are getting fatter and fatter. And the fatter you get, the more energy you *need*—to pump your blood through the miles of extra arteries that thread their way through every extra pound of fat, and to move your growing bulk from place to place. Your small current fat account simply can't handle these growing demands, so you are always hungry, always tired, and always gaining weight.

This is why most diets don't really "work" over a period of time. When you make the cortical decision to starve your body of calories, your diencephalon first uses up its normal fat reserves; then it begins to let go of the structural fat you need to keep your skin unwrinkled and your organs in place. The fatty reserves that you hate *the most* are the least accessible to loss by normal dieting. You may begin to look haggard; you will probably feel hungry, miserable, and weak. At the slightest relapse from the self-inflicted torment of hunger that usually follows in the wake of a strict diet, your industrious diencephalon will blissfully set about restocking its structural fat, its normal fat reserves, and the depleted fat cells of your extra fat deposits, adding in a few more extra pounds for good measure! Results: you quickly regain the weight you lost with so much difficulty.

The trouble is that while your cortex thinks Thin is Beautiful, your diencephalon instinctively knows Fat is Survival; and the proof, as far as the diencephalon is concerned, is that it got you through this little dietary crisis; now, didn't it?

On the other hand, it is your cortex which responds to your body's cries for nutritional help by marching it into ice cream parlors and pastry shops, and loading it down with starches and sugars that are high in calories and low in nutritive value, leaving the diencephalon to cope with this flood of useless intestinal flotsam as best it can—i.e., more fat reserves!

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ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK PAGE

Are Boobs on the Tube Equal To Golf Balls on the Giftwrap?

by **Esther Z. Rosin** • With women's liberation, black power, American Indians, and Howard Baker receiving the lion's share of hoopla in the media recently, it strikes me that there is a downtrodden segment of humanity which has gotten buried in the "liberation" shuffle. I speak specifically of the male half of our population as portrayed in the most influential media of all — television commercials.

My heart reaches out to them in their time of need. Where are our stout-hearted, hairy-chested heroes? Why don't we hear a concerted chorus of complaints from them when their rights and needs are so blatantly neglected?

Let me explain. Just the other night I watched enchanted as a famous actress walked across the television screen flaunting her two reasons for stardom. She smiled in a mildly seductive manner and immodestly exclaimed in breathless tones, "A bra this sheer for someone with my build?" How nice, I thought, as I watched her twist and turn her form so that the camera could catch her best angles. What a blow for the rights of all women measuring over a meager 34B cup! The bouncy bra-less look is just fine for those who wish to express their freedoms unfettered by cups and straps. However, women who are richly endowed in the mammary department have a new champion who not only still wears a bra (no matter how transparent it may be), but does so with such bravado, open to public scrutiny with no hint of false modesty.

And then it struck me that there are no such brave champions for the men in our lives. If a famous actress has the *chutzpah* to reveal her underwear secrets in public, why not a man equally as famous? Why isn't there a commercial in prime time portraying men in the same light? I have it all set in my mind. The screen is blank, and suddenly there is this tastefully furnished living room. A door flies open, and Joe Namath whirls in, dressed as modishly as ever. He pauses while the viewer takes a few seconds to behold him in all his charismatic virility. And then he speaks. "A jock strap this sheer for someone with

my build?" The camera then fades to a picture of a sheer jock strap fitted onto a very muscular male mannequin.

If the idea of publicizing athletic supporters seems to assault male sensitivities, there is an alternate sponsor available. Rewriting need not tax the creative mind. Mr. Namath could simply ask, "A truss this sheer for a hernia like mine?" — and the dignity of men could be as safeguarded and intact on our airways as women's dignity after watching a brassiere ad. To save on expenses they might even use the same mannequin (with a few minor adjustments in the appropriate area) on which to fit the truss to illustrate the manufacturer's sturdy construction.

Get the picture? Equal representation. Or, as we used to say, tit for tat!

There are so many opportunities for men to strike back at this new commercial freedom we women seem to have found. Remember those two lovely young women out for an afternoon stroll? Only they aren't discussing styles, or their favorite charities, or even exchanging dignified gossip. No, these two charming socialites (or could they be working girls of the upper-middle class shopping before lunch?) are discussing something much more pertinent. Vaginal deodorant sprays. (Just the subject every free thinking woman would choose to frankly and openly discuss before eating!) "Have you tried it?" coos Lovely Number One. "Does it really work?" questions her very chic companion. The entire commercial is done so tastefully you have to remind yourself that these are models and not the real McCoy they portray.

Now, visualize the male counterpoint of this commercial. We are watching two young men, dark suited, broad tied, and stack heeled, walking rather quickly toward their private club for lunch. These are businessmen, young, ladder climbing, successful, and attractive. (Perhaps there are young women strolling past who turn to watch them with a look of sexual appreciation on their faces.) The men are deeply involved in a sober conversation.

"Have you tried it yet?" asks the dark haired Adonis.

"I heard about it, but . . . well . . . does it really work?"

"Of course, man. Like a charm! Look, that tip I gave you on the market last week . . . it worked, didn't it?"

"Yeah. I made a few bucks on it. But a male deodorant spray for the genitals? That's pretty far out, man. Like, that's a whole new scene."

"Would I give you a bum steer? Look, we've been friends since the rugby team at Harvard, and I'm telling you this spray is guaranteed to remove any embarrassing odors. Makes you really socially acceptable. And without the right social approach, how do you expect to ever make it in this jungle?"

Executive Number Two frowns thoughtfully and nods his head. "I'll tell you what, George. I'll try it, and just to show you how grateful I am for the tip, lunch is on me."

The scene fades as they walk through the doors of the club, and a shot of the genital deodorant spray can fills the screen. How wonderfully civilized that would be!

Why aren't these types of male oriented products advertised on television? Could it be that ad agencies are predominately male staffed and these men can see nothing distasteful in touting intimate products for women, but would never consider embarrassing their own sex? That's only a theory, of course, but then I'm always being accused of coming up with these nonsensical feminist thoughts. And for every female-oriented product, there surely is one for the male, regardless of the differences in anatomy.

A leading and very popular daytime show has a sponsor for sanitary napkins. This same ad appears on late-late talk shows. The first time I saw it I thought I was hallucinating. I was riveted to the screen in morbid fascination. The suspense was stupifying. Would they really show the product? There was this unmarked box (shades of the "unmarked brown paper wrapping" for intimate products advertised in my youth) being slowly unwrapped before the camera until — My God — the box was revealed to the viewer in all its naked majesty. Then the box was opened, and disembodied hands slowly began withdrawing something from within. I was intrigued by the serious words accompanying this drama, intoned by a well modulated woman's voice. Within seconds the object was in clear view. Of all things, they were extolling the disposable envelopes for the soiled napkins which the manufacturer thoughtfully provides his female customer. Had the commercial lasted another few seconds I just might have thrown up. Is there really a demand for this type of commercialism? Thank goodness we have moved from the days of whispered secrets between mother and daughter behind closed doors to a more mature approach, but I hardly think it is necessary to go so far as to make classy sounding pronouncements over the public airways. Unless . . .

Unless they do the same for our neglected men and their problems. Equal representation in all aspects of modern life, and nothing less, will suffice for all citizens, regardless of sex, creed, or sensitivities. Thus, I feel that all men suffering from jock itch should arise and demand a commercial during the televised boxing matches so that public sympathy and awareness can be aroused and their suffering publicized. Surely those talented men feverishly writing behind the scenes of America's leading advertising agencies can come up with some creative approach to this intimate problem. They might even take their lead from the sanitary napkin presentation and begin with a cylindrical object, gift wrapped in a plain brown wrapper. (Of course, a sprinkling of pictures of golf balls tastefully arranged on the wrapping paper might be a nice masculine touch.) A man's voice would be appropriate. Perhaps someone like Sebastian Cabot, whose voice is so properly British, would lend a touch of prestige as he softly explains the virtues of the spray can now being unwrapped. When the medicated spray powder is finally in full view and the medicinal values explained, the embarrassment of jock itch could be forever shoved aside as the fungicidal magic is extolled. Naturally, it would be explained that the hands would never, never need to touch the affected area. Something like, "You know, old boy, this product can reach up into those difficult-to-get-at areas without the necessity of daubing, dabbing, or rubbing previously needed to fight the terrible agony of jock itch." Maybe the use of a British accent would turn our American he-men off. The alternative would be a famous baseball player explaining the virtues and qualities of the medication, guaranteeing the user relief, and perhaps "a return to the old ball game" after using it.

Whatever the approach, I feel there should definitely be an opposing viewpoint in American commercialism to augment equality on the screen. For every brassiere, a jock strap . . . for every sanitary napkin, a jock itch remedy. What's fair is fair. We women know it. Isn't it time the men do the same for their basic sexuality? □

The Mood is Male

"... or for that matter ... give me any one of hundreds of gorgeous, young, firm lifeguards, construction workers or students I, and many other fully heterosexual women, ogle every day, without noting their smooth ways, but just their fabulous anatomies ..."
Andres McAlester, Arlington, Virginia
Letters-To-The-Editor, Page 10

Robert Prestwood. Twenty-two years old. Moody. Introspective. A college flanker who feels that football takes too much time away from serious pursuits. "I want to spend more time studying," he says. "But, on the other hand, I'm naturally competitive. I want to excel in everything. My shrink tells me I should improve my character traits." He smiles lazily, jade-green eyes narrowed against the sun. He looks about as complicated as Ozzie Nelson.

Playgirl's Discovery

Playgirl's Discovery

"I'm not really a loner. It's just that I need a lot of time to think. I like to spread out on the beach and hope things will always get better."

He's so California it hurts – sun-streaked hair, a golden tan, a can of beer . . .

"I've always liked pure foods," he says in all seriousness, rolling the sweating can back and forth between his hands, a gesture of undeniable maleness. "As long as I can remember, I've been on Vitamin C and E and lots of protein. I recently experimented with mega-vitamins (massive doses given by injections) through a doctor who is a friend of my parents'."

Six feet, two inches tall, one hundred and ninety pounds, Bob is a college senior working for his B.A. in business administration. On the social side, he prefers the chase to the catch.

"I'm not interested in marriage, and most of the girls I know aren't either. At least that's what I say and that's what they tell me. If I were to marry it wouldn't last long and I know it would be my fault. I tried living with a girl for a while and it lasted a couple of months. When things get rough, I just don't work at it. I tend to let relationships go. But isn't that the best thing about living together? If someone else comes along, you can break it off with no hassle.

"What do I want? A girl who hasn't been around too much. She has to be sort of virginal, if there is such a thing. I know that sounds chauvinistic. I can't help it. It would be nice if she could be interested in what turns me on. It doesn't necessarily have to be sports, but that would make it easier. As for looks – I like tall, slender girls with long brown hair."

Conversation with Robert about Robert is difficult. But there's a shy appeal in the unexplored and our Discovery for October knows it.

One last thing. He's into de-categorizing. "I resist labels. Long hair equals hippie. Stupid. Why not recognize the individual for what he has to offer?"

Robert Prestwood—duly recognized.

UNITED STATES
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100
OF AMERICA
Form 1040
US
Filing Status—check only one:
1 Single
2 Married filing joint return (even if only one had in
3 Married filing separately. If wife (husband)
filing give her (his) social security number a
name here.
4 Unmarried Head of Household
5 Widow(er) with dependent child (Enter year o
of Form W–2 here

ILLUSTRATED BY JOE TAYLOR

WOMEN AND TAXES:

by **Richard Cummings** • An ancient Chinese proverb says that if your going to be raped, you might as well lie back and enjoy it. But if the rape costs you money, and there is no orgasm, you will certainly want to avoid it. Which brings us to the subject of taxes and women.

If a woman wants to lead her own life and enjoy sex free from the restrictions of the nuclear family, she will be raped by a federal tax code which is designed to encourage marriage and the production of offspring as dependents.

For example, if you enjoy a man's company but without marriage, you and he have to file separate tax returns and pay your taxes on the high single taxpayer rate. Only if you and he marry can you file a joint return and have the tax computed according to a special lower rate.

Why should this be? Because you are treated as an appendage of the man to whom you may be married. You are a tax deduction to him as well as his lover. And the children you bear are also his tax deductions, his dependents, while they contribute, under our family system, to the denial of your personal sensuality by tying you to nappies and the kitchen.

The traditional notion of family life in America sees the father as the provider. If he undertakes to support a family, the basic unit of society and the major source of consumer expansion, he is rewarded with certain tax breaks. The more babies there are, the more purchases there will be of goods and services. More homes will be built, and the rate of economic growth will be increased.

For tax purposes, the woman is seen mostly as a mother. If she works, her income is usually supplemental and the joint return works to the whole family's satisfaction.

A single woman, on the other hand, usually working at a lower paying job than most men (or at the same job for less pay), has to pay her tax on the same single person's scale, only usually without the benefit of business deductions.

From a tax point of view, it is probably better for a single woman to have a child out of wedlock and qualify as the "head of a household." As such, you are entitled to pay your taxes on a scale with a special rate somewhere between that of a single person and a joint return. All you have to do is provide more than half the cost of keeping your home as the principal abode of the unmarried child. With a good day care facility, this would be no problem at all.

The joint return, although beneficial, can also put a woman in a difficult situation. You can be found liable for taxes owed because your husband did not report all of his income. So, if a couple files a return jointly and only the husband has been working, the wife can be held responsible by the government for monies he has made and not told her about or reported. This is true even if the money was made illegally. For example, if you marry a bookie, and he reports only his income made as, say, a taxi driver, and you file a joint return, *you* could be in trouble. The same would be true if your husband is a college professor who dallies in a shady off-hours enterprise. That income is taxable, and if it is not reported and the Feds find out, you and he are liable for the unpaid taxes, together and separately.

Only when your marriage ends by your husband's death do you stand to gain. A widow can file a joint return for the taxable year in which her husband died, provided she doesn't marry again before the end of that taxable period. And if you keep up the household for surviving children, as a "surviving spouse," you can still file a joint return for the two taxable years after his death.

In case of divorce, pure alimony is the biggest rape of all, since you will have to pay taxes on what you receive, unless you protect yourself. So if you do get married and have a child, and then get divorced or separated, if you are working and/or receiving support payments (or all three), you should be careful to make the tax code work for you not against you. Also, if you as a woman are paying alimony, this can have important consequences to your advantage.

First, let's dispose of the unusual situation of a woman paying alimony or maintenance to a man. Although such payments by a man to a woman are not considered support of a dependent, the woman who pays can claim the man as a dependent and as an exemption. What is the rationale for this unusual treatment? That a man supported by a woman is a sponge, but a woman supported by a man knows her place? I leave it to you. But if you are paying alimony to your ex-husband, he can be deducted from your income as a dependent, $750 worth.

But if you receive alimony (or support), you will end up being taxed on it if you get it in the normal way in periodic payments. So beware.

There are several ways of avoiding the alimony/support shaft by taxes. First, a lump sum property settlement is not considered periodic alimony and can be excluded from your taxable income. For example, if you receive cash in place of your interest in your husband's pension.

Second, if a specified portion of your support or alimony is set out as child support, regardless of the child's age,

(continued on page 119)

INEVITABLE RAPE

UNITED STATES
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OF AMERICA
Form 1040 US Departm
Indiv
Filing Status—check only one:
1 ☐ Single
2 ☐ Married filing joint return (even if only one had in
3 ☐ Married filing separately. If wife (husband)
filing give her (his) social security number a
name here.
4 ☐ Unmarried Head of Household
5 ☐ Widow(er) with dependent child (Enter year o
of Form W-2 here

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(continued on page 119)

INEVITABLE RAPE

Of Love, Death

(continued from page 83)

ator. Still, she never mentioned it or asked about it. You have to know my mother to fully understand this. She was a wonderful woman. In those final months she was as concerned about *us* and how we would cope when she died as she was about herself. She never complained or asked for sympathy, even when she was in great pain. She was a proud, loving woman with a great zest for living. She wanted to fight that cancer. Decisions about burials and funerals and that sort of thing, she would leave to us. If she had known how much it was going to cost, I think she would have objected. She wouldn't have wanted us to spend that much on her. She would have wanted us, her children, to have it. You know, if I could have put myself in her place, I would have done it, and for no other person can I say that. I'm not a martyr."

Nancy was dying, there was a refrigerator packed with ice on the back porch, Lester had donated $5,000 to the Cryonics Society — yet no firm decision had been made. Lester kept in close touch with Robert Nelson, but Bert never asked to meet the man who might be freezing his wife. (They finally met the day after Nancy's death.) Jennie Brody, 25 years old, visited her sick mother every day, but the two women never discussed death or freezing. Death was something that was implicitly understood by both of them, but the closest they came to mentioning it was the day Nancy urged Jennie to be good to her father "when it happens." (She also urged Bert to be good to their daughter. Relations between the two were slightly strained.) In retrospect, it seems as if the Brodys literally drifted into the decision to have Nancy suspended.

On November 29th, two days after my meeting with Lester, I arranged to meet the rest of the Brodys for dinner. Bert suggested a restaurant in Beverly Hills, and I met them there at 7:30. They are a handsome family, very warm and sincere. They were obviously still shaken by Nancy's sudden passing, and yet they tried their best to answer my questions without revealing their deep despondency. Lester brought his wife, Cindy, (who some say looks very much like Nancy in her youth), and the five of us squeezed into a booth for four and ordered a simple dinner without drinks.

"I have thought about the cryonics idea for years," said Bert, a burly man with sad eyes, who would do most of the talking that evening. "The idea has always held some fascination for me. But I never knew it was actually being done until Lester showed me that article. My wife and I had long had a tacit agreement that we would forego conventional funerals when we died. We are not religious people, and funerals seemed meaningless to us. I remember, once, we talked about donating our bodies to science, and in fact that is what we have done. Legally, a cryonics patient is a donor to science.

"I have always believed in science, you see. But when something like this hits your own family, your own wife, this matter of death and whether to place one's trust in science, and I have this fear that science can be misused. It is my son's optimism that caused me to go along with this. I admire him for this optimism. I don't think I'd want to be frozen myself; I am a depressed man; the depressed don't want to come back into this life. But my son's faith in the future, his willingness to gamble on the benevolence of future generations — how could I deny this?"

Bert spoke of the guilt he feels for having failed his wife in "so many little ways" over the years. One got the feeling that if he had failed her in life he had decided to do everything possible for her in death. "My poor wife," he said at one point, tears welling up in his eyes, "she was such a good kid, so pretty, and so kind. She had a deep intelligence, much more practical than my own. She was always such a help to me, so giving of herself. She would always do things my way, even when I was wrong" — and he trailed off into private memories of shared experiences, hiding his remorse behind a napkin.

Yet it was Jennie, the daughter, who seemed most affected by her mother's death. She sat silently, eating little. Occasionally she smiled, but it was a strange smile, slightly cockeyed. She was quite pretty but seemed in spirit more like a sixteen-year-old girl than an adult woman. There was an Alice-in-Wonderland quality about her that was both fetching and disturbing. I tried to bring her into the conversation, to little avail. Once, when I directed a question expressly to her, she looked up from her plate and said, "All I know is she's dead."

The evening ended on a hopeful note. Lester reaffirmed a promise he had made to his father that the suspension would be terminated — that is Nancy would be thawed out and properly buried — when members of their nuclear family were no longer around to monitor the program. Bert spoke of the possibility of a miracle. He said that if someone had told his mother the month before she died in 1933 that men would walk on the moon in her son's lifetime, she would have considered it as preposterous as we now think reviving the dead to be. And I, who couldn't afford a frozen burial if my own mother begged for one, picked up the check.

As I drove home from the restaurant that night, I puzzled over the Brody family. What was it about them that had led them to take this step that thousands of other families wouldn't even contemplate? Outwardly, they were a fairly typical suburban, upper-middle-class family. The men of the family had a strong scientific orientation towards the world, but they were not kooks or fanatics. In fact, both were quite intelligent and realistic. Could it be that they are really the visionaries among us and that their gamble will pay off in the long run? Who can say?

But, I was also bothered by the lack of communication on Jennie's part. I wondered to what degree she had been party to the decision and what her thoughts were now that the deed was done. I decided to seek a meeting with her and find out.

We met at the house where Jennie was living with three other people high on a hilltop in Topanga Canyon. Topanga is a stunningly beautiful area of Los Angeles, inhabited largely by rich hippies, and Jennie's house had a commanding view of the entire canyon. No one was at the house when I arrived, but Jennie pulled up in a Mustang five minutes later with a bag of groceries and a large dog. We went inside and lit a fire, cracked chestnuts, and talked.

I had come armed with a tape recorder and a notebook, but Jennie asked me to put them aside. She wanted real human communication, she said, none of this reporter-interviewee business. She told me that the freezing had been her brother and father's "trip," that she and her mother had acquiesced in it just as they had acquiesced in all of the major decisions the men had made for the family. I was reminded of the old *New Yorker* cartoon in which the wife says, "I make the little decisions, like where we ought to live and what school the kids will go to, and he makes the big decisions, like our policy towards the U.N." — but this did not seem to be the case here. Jennie said that her mother was of the generation in which the wife deferred to the husband's judgment almost as a matter of principle.

"My mother's family — her men — were the most important things in life to her," she said. "She was a beautiful, loving person who trusted doctors to diagnose and cure her, who accepted the wisdom of established authority. It all relates to the patriarchal order of things — you know: he's the man and

(continued on page 127)

DESIGNS IN LIVING

Red, blue, yellow, green—played out against a background of cool neutrality—a welcome world away from boring beige and avocado green. White-on-white textures in this apartment living room where the accent is on color, and a small room expands with a sense of openness.

Produced by Hank Milam

Here Designer John Cottrell capitalizes on the impact of pattern. The handsome contemporized bed: white cotton side panels hang from a polished brass frame; the treillage wall-covering repeating the interior shutters of wood lattice; everywhere, from room to room, yesterday's wicker to complement today—an appealing blend of warmth and style.

Photography by Fritz Taggart

"You call it pin the what on Burt Reynolds?"

"Beautiful Ohio"

by **Thomas Tryon** • My hometown, Pequot Landing, is a lovely place, but I don't get back there as much as I would like to. Before this Memorial Day I hadn't visited in some years, and before that seldom. Once, to bury my father and, six months ago, my mother. But I'd driven up over the long weekend to talk to the auctioneers about disposing of a lot of things in the house, now that the will had been probated and the Internal Revenue Service had done with its gouging.

I live in California, and sitting around the old Connecticut house, I suddenly felt alien, a stranger. Perhaps it was from looking over the possessions two people had accumulated during fifty years of marriage. Then I found myself thinking about the gravesite where they lay buried. On impulse I threw a shovel into the back of my rented car and drove to the nursery where I picked out a pair of dwarf flowering quince trees. Then I went down to the churchyard and along the gravel roadway to the newer part of the cemetery where I found the plot Mother and Dad had for years been paying off. This ground lies not far from the ancient burial yard, behind an elegantly-designed church with a slim, graceful spire and a bell in the copy of a Christopher Wren tower that goes back more than two hundred years. The monuments there are for the most part simple markers noting final resting places by name and date alone. Though I had wanted to put something more on the two matching headstones, I couldn't think of anything I considered suitable; in any case, nobody seems to bother much with epitaphs these days. Names and dates it was. I left the stones as Mother and Dad would have wanted them, simple and unadorned. So now I planted close behind the head of each a flowering quince. They would be pretty in the spring and besides requiring little upkeep, they were the sort of tree Mother had been fond of. And perhaps one day they might bear fruit.

I had washed my hands at a hose faucet and was putting the shovel in the trunk of the car when I became aware of a figure seated on the grass beneath a nearby tree. Strange, I thought, that engaged in my work I hadn't noticed somebody was watching. But then it came to me that no one was. The person, a young girl, was lost in

thought and though I would not have wished to intrude on anybody's reverie, I stared, for I had recognized Elinor Lord at once. She, however, appeared completely unaware of me, so I continued to observe.

It had been some time, but I would have known Ellie instantly, if only from the fall of blond hair. She'd be twenty by now. Shorts and the rolled-up sleeves of an oversized man's shirt revealed that wonderfully tanned skin only American kids seem to achieve in summer. She wore no make-up, unless a bit of lipstick — I couldn't tell. Her face was earnest and serious, rapt in what seemed an expression of luminous intensity, though, to me, not so much a depth of grief as one of thought. It was not anguish I saw there, but profound introspection, a delving into something. What had immediately attracted my eye, had instantly moved me, was the attitude of the entire figure. She sat gracefully, one leg tucked under, the other bent, her right arm curving across the knee, cheek laid upon it. The other arm supported her weight, and, but for two fingers which occasionally plucked at the grass, she never moved.

There was a torpor in the air, the day before Memorial Day. Beneath the white needle of steeple pricking the brilliant sky, the churchyard drowsed. It was as though a glass bell had been set over it, at once preserving it for, yet removing it from, the outside world. A few sounds intruded, but nothing that might disrupt the somnolent harmony. Birds chirped, cicadas buzzed, bees hummed, hovering over a bunch of poppies placed on an adjacent grave. The water faucet dripped into its cement basin, creating pleasant wet sounds. I was dimly aware of a band over on the green exploring a Sousa march for the parade tomorrow. Somewhere a child called, another answered, laughing.

Still Ellie Lord remained motionless, and I sensed a poignancy, revealed not so much by any expression in her face, but rather by something in the attitude of her head resting along her arm, in the way her hand depended from the wrist as it hung upon the knee, a strangely potent articulation of flesh and bone, reminding me of some thing worked in marble, with a simple artistry about it. Something, too, about the placement of the figure, something in the arrangement of light and shadow, in the way it intricately figured the broad swath of grass and the curving gravel drive with its low fencing of ornate wire loops, endlessly repeated like a child's exercise in penmanship. The whole was akin to the design on a piece of brocade in which the dullness of one shape plays deliberately against the sheen of another, and I was suddenly reminded of Amy Lowell's poem, "Patterns." *He had a whim that sunlight carried blessing. And I answered, "It shall be as you have said." Now he is dead.* It had been a favorite of Ellie's.

Still she remained as she was and still I gazed. Following her look I discovered her attention focussed on a large block of granite with the name Lord carved into the highly-polished surface. I knew her brother was buried there, her brother Gordon, June and Bill's boy. I used to go with June Lord in high school. At least I was one of the many she went with — she was June Jarvis then — but she'd met and fallen in love with Bill Lord during the war and had married him as soon as he had been discharged from service. All her former swains, myself included, were depressed for weeks. June and Bill had the two children, Ellie and Gordon, and last year Gordie'd been killed in a tragic accident. I was in Rome at the time rewriting a film script, or I would have come for the funeral, as had a number of people who'd made it up from New York. Gordon Lord was that rare a boy.

When I turned on my ignition, Ellie acted as if she hadn't heard it, remaining precisely as when I'd first discovered her. Nor had her expression at all altered. Still I could perceive no despair there, sensing only that her train of thought carried her into some pale distance where no one might accompany her. She seemed devastatingly alone.

I continued to speculate on what her thoughts might have been, and that evening, when the auctioneers and I had gone over the things I'd decided to sell, I let them out, said good night, locked up and drove by Bill Lord's house. The upstairs was dark but downstairs several windows were lighted, and a lamp was on in the porch. After a short debate, I pulled into the drive, got out, and rang the bell.

It was June who came to answer the door; even through the screening I could tell she was as lovely as ever. She seemed nearer thirty than forty. In high school she'd looked like Gene Tierney — cool, elegant, Bryn Mawr, Peck & Peck — still did, I thought. Surprised to see me, she welcomed me in. Ellie was out, Bill had had to go Boy Scouting up on Cape Cod over the holiday — one of those things he'd promised and couldn't get out of — and she was alone. She acted so genuinely glad to see me, I was moved and easily persuaded to have a Cutty Sark and water with her, which we drank seated on the porch, she in the glider, I in a wicker chair.

She curled her slim legs comfortably like a little girl and when she pushed her hair back it was with a graceful feminine gesture I remembered, even to the tinkling of the gold charms on her bracelet.

"Did I thank you for the flowers?" she asked and I said she had, at Mother's funeral. "And your letter," she said. Yes, I'd received her answering note when I'd gotten back from Europe. In the soft glow of the porch lamp her face seemed strained and I realized it was easy to forget how twelve months of grief can take their toll.

Until she reminded me of the fact, I hadn't remembered that it was a year, exactly one year ago, on Memorial Day, that the awful accident in which Gordon Lord had lost his life had occurred. And for his sister Ellie Lord, dreaming beside his grave, it must have been an anniversary pilgrimage; Ellie Lord, sitting in that sad and lovely manner on the grass under the tree — how engaged? Communing? Mourning? Remembering?

* * *

Everyone agreed Ellie and her brother Gordon were special. A year apart in age, they looked enough alike to be twins. Both

were brown-eyed blonds with dark, striking eyebrows. In addition to fine features and graceful bodies, they came from a good family, comfortably off. June's mother had left a generous will and Bill himself was vice-president of a profitable tool-and-die company. Their house was one of the handsomest in town. Both children had a car. They adored their parents. They were a bright, attractive, spirited boy and girl, loved and admired by everybody. They'd had all the advantages but were conceited about none of them, least of all their looks, which were extraordinary. They were Young America. They were the kind of kids any parent wishes his own looked and acted like. They were, you felt certain, destined, both of them, for grand things.

His father had wanted Gordie to go to Yale so he might take advantage of his swimming prowess, but instead Gordie elected the more modest University of Connecticut where he joined Phi Delt and where, with scarcely any trouble, he became immediately popular, became a BMOC, became the rage.

A year later, his sister followed in his footsteps, though June would have wished Vassar or Bennington for her; Smith at least. But off Ellie went to UConn — some said to bask in the sun of her brother, but she didn't care. She joined Theta, which had the best-looking girls anyway, and inasmuch as all the Phi Delts dated all the Thetas, Gordie and Ellie got to see each other as often as they liked.

I never knew either Ellie or Gordie at all until one August eight years ago when my younger brother had taken a summer place at Amagansett, out on Long Island. It happened that the Lords were renting a house at Montauk, a few miles away, and it was there on the beach that I first saw their kids. They were skinny, raucous things then, with hair burnt white, their bodies brown, all joints and angles and silvery fuzz on their backs, and everywhere they went they ran, and everywhere they ran they splashed around color and exuberance and delight as if it were poster paint.

We got to be friends, tentatively at first, then more easily by dint of compatible swimming and some ball on the beach. There was a gang of them, Ellie and Gordie, my brother's kids, a motley array of others. A pack of wild Indians; but mostly it was Ellie and Gordie. Together we went crabbing on the rocks, went body-surfing in the combers, or organized expeditions for littlenecks on the strand where you watched the clams squirt and then dug dog-fast on all fours. We fed the white swans, paired two by two on the salt water lagoons among the marsh grass. We examined tide pools for sea glass — those brilliant bits of ocean-worn jars and bottles, one sort, of the most intense blue, a prize find — and built sand castles and slid down the dunes on plastic trash can covers, not at all self-consciously, despite my twenty years seniority. With Ellie I collected shells and with Gordie sailed his Snipe over to Gardiners or Plum Island. He was a good sailor. They both were.

And each of these small daily events Gordie lengthily and carefully recorded in a journal, a large black book which would lie open across his knees while he stared at the sky, reflecting absently pressing the point of his pen with his fingertip, then writing, a slight smile on his mouth. I found it strange, a boy keeping a diary, for so it seemed to be, but though curious, I never asked what it was he so regularly inscribed within its pages. I could not, however, refrain from making a corny reference to Samuel Pepys, to which Gordie, with a grin, replied, "Oh sure, 'and so to bed,' " which enlightened me only to the extent that he knew more about the famous English diarist than I.

That week was halcyon for me; I delighted in those kids and in their company. They engaged me, my time, my interest. I loved their audacious humor, their frankness, their honesty, their innocence, their awareness. Each was a willing spirit, and that, as far as I was concerned, was half the game.

They found a public stable nearby and when it was cooler we'd put on bathing suits and go cannon balling through the surf, the horses throwing up curtains of spray and leaving solid satisfying tracks in the wet sand. Gordie and Ellie were like a couple of gypsies, their thin bare legs astride the animals' barrel backs, with neither saddle nor stirrup but only a rope halter and black mane to grab, their own blond hair wildly streaming.

Once, after we'd galloped almost to Bridgehampton we walked part way back to let the horses cool out. What sun remained was late and already the beach was bathed in a flood of pale silver and mother-of-pearl like the gleaming nacre of a seashell. Securing the horses' lead ropes under a rock, we sat for a time and let the water sluice around our bodies while overhead gulls wheeled and yawped, scooping at the placid gray swells. It was a pleasant interval. We lay back along the margin of scalloping ebb tide, Ellie on one side, Gordie on the other, looking at the sky and sea. Nearby, the horses snorted and patiently pawed the sand.

Flat on the wet beach I could feel the rattling stones as they fled from beneath the skin of my back and turned over on each other down the slope to the ocean bottom. For a moment there would be silence, then would come the hollow, slowly-swooping sound of a gathering wave, and, behind it, the dull thud as it broke. For a while that was all I heard; then, eyes closed, I became aware of Gordie's voice speaking across me to Ellie.

" 'Retreating to the breath of the night-wind,' " I heard him reciting, " 'down the vast edges drear and naked shingles of the world.' " I raised up on one elbow with I'm sure an expression of astonishment at hearing these words of Matthew Arnold's, and before I could speak, on her side Ellie continued the stanza. " 'Ah, love, let us be true to one another! for the world, which seems to lie before us like a land of dreams, so various, so beautiful, so new — ' "

" 'Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,' " I broke in, astounded but unwilling to be outdone, and Ellie picked it up from there, above the crashing of the surf, " 'Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain — ' " We tacitly left the "clash by night" line for Gordie to finish.

Later, ambling on the horses' backs through the still-receding water, I considered their awareness of the poetry remarkable. Gordie and Ellie Lord quoting "*Dover Beach*," supine on the Long Island sands beside the sea in summertime. It was on that ride that Ellie mentioned that her favorite lines were from Miss Lowell's "*Patterns*" and I discovered Gordon Lord's secret desire: to be a poet. Hence, the journal. They were, that week, respectively fourteen and fifteen.

At the end of my time there I eked out a few more days by running into New York and making some arrangements. When I drove back to Amagansett I discovered Ellie and Gordie had been busy in my absence. They had a present for me: the long, tubular carton would in itself have been intriguing, because of the clever wrapping they'd devised between them: sheets of Sunday comics, and pasted over *Peanuts*' dialogue balloons were jokes and original bits of nonsense they'd thought up themselves. Inside the carton was a kite. A huge birdlike kite of paper and glue and wood and painted every color of the rainbow. They had made it, both of them together. When we'd gotten it assembled, off we raced, tearing down the dunes, spilling the cord from the reel, lifting the kite into the wind. It was a beauty. I don't think they ever knew how pleased I was that they'd even think of it, let alone make it for me. I could fly it out at my beach place in California, they said, and remember them.

Naturally, with all the kite flying and clamming and general beach frolicking, I was provided with frequent opportunity for seeing the mother of the pair as well, which I was obliged to look upon as more than mere lagniappe. It was a time of hot bright days and blue-black sultry nights. I recall especially one time when there was a dance in a pavilion out on a pier at the Yacht Club and the kids wanted to go. Since their dad had taken the car into New York, they persuaded me to drive them.

It was one of those perfect August nights with a paper moon, the pier looped with lanterns, the boys wearing white trousers, the girls candy-colored cottons. June came

along too — chaperone, she humorously styled herself — so it became, for me anyway, a memorable occasion. The music floated out across water the color of crushed blueberries, and bright pennants dipped from masts in the breeze lightly blowing off the breakwater. Watching Ellie and Gordie dancing in the pavilion, June and I felt the infectiousness of their high spirits as together they moved in the faster, newer steps neither of us had mastered; and doing the slow numbers their bodies lilted and swayed gracefully, like the lanterns overhead, he light and easy and adroit, she following him with the precision and abandon of a professional. Veloz and Yolanda, I told June who laughed and said I was dating myself.

When we got back to Montauk the kids went to see the swans on the lagoon, and sitting on the porch, as we were now, June and I could just make out their clothes, Ellie's pink dress and Gordie's pants and the whiteness of their hair; she with a bright flower behind one ear, a cluster of reddest geranium like a flame in the darkness until the night extinguished it. But of their dark faces and limbs against the darker sand and sea there was nothing to be seen. Then we got to talking, planning a surprise birthday for Gordie, sixteen next Sunday.

The subject having gotten around to him, I told June of our poetry session on the beach and that I thought she and Bill possibly were going to have a writer in the family. Did I really think so? she asked. I replied that Gordie had showed me some of his work and it was amazingly good. I had urged him, I further said, to get as much English in as he could — did I remember Old Chris, our English Lit teacher? she interrupted — and try for a Fulbright scholarship, or a Rhodes. She smiled her catlike smile and I knew she was pleased that I liked what Gordie had written.

"But he's been so taken with math and physics, we thought he might get into the nuclear program — even some part of the space thing," she said. "And last year he was corresponding with a doctor in Viet Nam and was considerably interested in jungle medicine. Yale, we hope."

"Well," I said, "he's got time. But I'll tell you one thing, he's a born writer."

"He never mentioned it. He has his secret streak, you know."

Prophetic mother.

"I think," she continued, "this is perhaps a part of it. I'll wait till he tells me about it, then maybe he'll let me read some of his things."

He never did. June read his things though, later, but Gordie wasn't alive to tell her she mustn't, that it would break her heart.

* * *

"Is the princess in? I'm from the computer dating service."

"Another?" June asked, reaching for my empty glass.

"Fine." I'd been hoping she'd suggest it. "Want me to do it?"

"No — I'll go. It'll only take a minute." She went inside with a light step and I heard her cracking ice trays somewhere at the back of the house. Just then automobile lights swept the porch, and through the screening I could see a girl get out and slam the door. With a wave to the departing car, she came up the walk and onto the porch.

"Hi," Ellie Lord said, looking wonderful in the light. "Oh — *hi*!" she said, recognizing me. I greeted her without mentioning I'd seen her that afternoon. She sounded genuinely glad, which pleased me. She sat and visited, asking questions about me, what I was doing, where had I been last, was I in town long, and so on.

She was beautiful. I hadn't noticed earlier how the dark eyebrows lent vividness to her expression, how coolly serene her manner was. She was gracious, relaxed, beguiling and, I thought, decidedly mature for her years. I was aware of a grownup attitude one wouldn't normally expect in a young girl and I wondered if it weren't because of what she must have suffered after her brother's death.

She was evincing early that greatest of all social arts, a person making another feel that he is by far the most important in the world, the most fascinating, the most intriguing. She never asked a stupid question nor a commonplace, she never made a dull reply. When June returned, by word and glance she gracefully included her mother in the conversation which had for a moment become ours alone. She talked, she listened, she laughed, she charmed.

And never once did she, nor I, nor her mother, mention the tragedy of Gordon Lord.

When Ellie had said good night and gone upstairs, I commented to June on how unlike other girls her age she was, how proud she and Bill could be of her. I expected the compliment would make her feel good, but instead she began to cry softly.

"Hey," I said, "hey."

"It's all right," she said. "No — I'm all *right*, honestly." Regaining her composure, she looked at me, then away, then back again. "Yes," she said, brightening her tone, "Ellie has turned out well. How long *has* it been since you've seen her?"

It had been some time. As a matter of fact, it had been down in New York. And before that? Well, it would have been the Christmas Cotillion at the country club the year my eldest niece Nancy had been asked. I was east that winter and finding the time convenient, I had driven up to lend her my arm plus some moral support. The Lords were there — this was the first I'd seen Ellie and Gordie in several years — and they were stunning. It was hard to say

who shone more brightly that night, Ellie entrancing the stags as they unmercifully cut in on Charley Phelan, her current beau; or Gordie in white tie and tails, sailing as easily around the dance floor as he had around the Long Island Sound, with a West Hartford girl named Barbara Baxter, a tall, curvy brunette wearing white kid Grace Kelly gloves and who couldn't manage to keep her fingers out of his hair for two minutes together. Rumor had it they were to be married upon Gordie's graduation, and from the way Gordie's eyes were swimming in hers, I could see that it must be Love. Well, I thought, there's nothing really wrong with West Hartford girls, Junior League accent or not. They made a happy couple.

Likewise Ellie and Charley Phelan, a boy she had known since childhood and with whom she clearly seemed to fit. Pleasant, humorous, a Princeton man, and from a good family, Charley was deemed by all as the perfect match for Elinor Lord. It certainly was serious for, as June later told me, Ellie was at that point given to crying fits and depressions, which indicated the course of true love never did run smooth.

She was wearing a dress I afterward learned she'd made herself, of garnet velvet, very simple and quite low-cut in front. But, she said, it had been Gordie who'd selected the pattern, and I thought at the time what good taste he had, though I got the feeling June would have preferred something a little more conventional. Later, Ellie and Gordie danced. There they were, Ellie with her head back, blond hair sweeping about her shoulders and echoing their movements, Gordie whirling her breathlessly beneath a huge crystal chandelier. Why I recall the song, I don't know, but the band was playing "Beautiful Ohio," and though the kids today can hardly count one-two-three anymore, I remarked how stylishly those two waltzed. People cleared the floor to watch, and that night, looking across the candles at June and Bill, seeing their faces polished bright like Christmas ornaments as they viewed these two adornments of their life, how I envied them.

When I next caught sight of Gordie and Ellie, both had returned to their respective partners, and I noted to myself again what handsome young couples they made, and idly wondered about the selection of nuptial offerings. I thought of cutting in on either pair to discuss their preferences — silver or crystal — but they all had their noses buried in each others' hair and necks, the aroma of *My Sin* mingling with that of *Russian Leather*, and you knew that after the dance they'd mingle even more in Barbara Baxter's rumpus room.

The last sight I had of the kids that night was as our car pulled around the circular drive in front of the club. In the center of the curve, where in summer roses bloom, now the snow was inches deep, and while Charley Phelan and Barbara Baxter watched, Ellie, wrapped in dark blue satin and Gordie in a polo coat, were together spinning and spinning and spinning, truly a glamorous sight.

I didn't see Ellie again until half a year later, shortly after she graduated from high school. The circumstances were these: an Italian friend of mine, a Machiavellian *ragazza* named Jessica Vidalettale, wanted to see a New England spring, so en route from Los Angeles to Rome, we stopped off in New York and made the expedition in a Carey limousine. It was late June and Mother had planned one of her seafood orgies — which is to say more lobster, clams, oysters and Block Island swordfish than meets the stomach. Leaving her to wade through Jessica's pasta-thick accent, I drove down to the fish market. At the counter I picked up not only Mother's order but Ellie Lord as well, she also after lobster, and looking ravishing in something mini and white and saucy which showed her tan to staggering effect.

She kissed me and thanked me again for her bracelet, a graduation present. I took her to the drugstore where we sat in a booth and she downed a soda while I sipped two cents plain and burped. Graduation had been an immense success. Her salutatorian address was original and witty and modern (others had said), she was Class I-forget-what and Gordie had come home from UConn to be at the Senior Ball. "We stayed out all night," she said, wickedly licking chocolate from the corner of her mouth. "We stole a dozen ears of corn for succotash." Yes they had. Stopped the car on the way home, climbed over a fence, and raided a farmer's cornpatch. It was a rosy dawn and a dewy one, and her dress was probably ruined. But it had been a lark, and no sooner had they changed than they all piled off to a cottage at Saybrook that a fraternity brother had rented. Six of them, back only yesterday, hence the tan.

"How's Charley Phelan?" I asked, and her smile faded as she told me he'd sunburned so badly that after painting him with baking soda paste, she'd finally given up and sent him home to the doctor. He wouldn't think of letting her come too, so she spent the rest of her time at the beach alone. As she spoke of him, her eyes filled, and I thought, Lucky Charley Phelan. I could picture the pair shopping for blue-white diamonds at Steven's, *the* Hartford jewelers. Elinor Phelan, writing all those thank-you notes on Tiffany stationery.

In any case, the intended husband was at present peeling and looked like Lon Chaney in *The Return of the Mummy*. Poor Charley. "And poor Gordie," Ellie moaned anew.

"Did he get sunburned too?"

No — but he was burned, nonetheless. He'd made a bet with a chum, Bert Newhall from school, that he wouldn't have a drink until after Labor Day. But Bert had caught him one night out on the beach with Barbara Baxter and a six-pack of Budweiser.

"You mean beer counted too?" I asked. Sad to tell, it did. "How much did he lose?"

"A month," Ellie wailed.

"A month?"

It seemed Bert Newhall spent his summers on an uncle's tobacco farm up in Hazardville. And for losing the bet, Gordie had to work with him for one whole month, out in the fields — "hacking that awful tobacco." Poor Gordie, was right. Worse, he would miss out on a trip to Europe, or at least four weeks of it. June and Bill were going to spin them around some of the capitals, but Gordie would have to catch them in Geneva.

The European junket clearly had little appeal for Ellie, separated as she would be from her adoring Charley, and as she spoke of the coming trip her voice sounded positively dismal. I could see that by this time Ellie had managed to iron out some of the bumps in True Love's course.

And as for Gordie, Hazardville to West Hartford was no great distance, and he would have Barbara Baxter as solace. Or wasn't that still on? I wondered. Oh yes — definitely, Ellie replied, smiling again. They were terribly in love. Inseparable. The prospect of a Junior League sister-in-law seemed less dismaying to her than to me, and after a discussion of the beautiful babies to be got by such a union, I belched discreetly and changed the subject.

Would we all meet in Rome? You bet — the Lords and me and Lucrezia Borgia up there on the hill bending mother's ear.

We didn't, though. Best laid plans and all. I couldn't get away and wasn't keen on Italy anyway, since Jessica and I'd had a row. But I did get postcards from the kids — from Geneva and Lugano and Rome. One of Gordie's read:

Rome Pome:
Basta Pasta

After that I didn't hear for a long time. And when I saw them again it would be the last time I'd ever see Gordie alive.

It happened the following spring in the Oak Bar at the Plaza where I was meeting some friends from London. Mario, the maitre d', was offering me a table when, passing a banquette, I found, to my surprise, Miss Elinor Lord, looking very *Town & Country* chic with gloves, hat, and bag. Delighted, I said hello, and she invited me to sit down.

"Well, I said, "what are you doing all alone in the big city?"

"Playing hookey," she said brightly. "Us chickens flew the coop for the weekend."

"Meeting Charley under the clock at the Biltmore?" I said, supposing she'd come down with a bunch of UConn coeds.

"It's 'The Royal Box,' now. Mother *says* you're always dating yourself," she replied with her engaging smile, and hearing her laughter people turned to see the Pretty

Girl. "Actually, I'm running away from home," she confided.

"Ah — tell all," I said.

She dipped a lacquered nail into her untouched drink and sampled the result with the end of her tongue.

"It's Dad," she said. "He's being rotten."

"As in skunk?"

"Apple. To the core. He's insisting I switch colleges next fall and go to Bennington."

"And?"

"And I don't want to. I like it at UConn. Anyway, I don't have a moustache like most of the girls at Bennington."

And you're a virgin, I thought, unlike most of the girls at Bennington — at least they weren't when I went to school. She seemed to be reading my thoughts, for she colored slightly, then said, "We're going to see *Follies* tonight — if we can get the tickets. Mother knows someone who knows Alexis Smith."

"One or another of your mother's old beaux," I said. "Wouldn't you know she'd be able to get Alexis Smith's houseseats. How many of you?"

"Only us." She waved toward the entrance where Gordie had, as if on cue, appeared. With a friendly nod to Mario, who seemed to know him, he crossed the room and joined us. More heads turned as he slid in beside his sister, casually dropping the familiar black journal, and we shook hands over the table. He looked easy and jaunty and fine, and I felt quite proud to be with them both, though I wondered what June and Bill would have to say about their offspring frequenting a New York bar, Plaza though it be. But it turned out Ellie was only having ginger ale and Gordon asked for a cup of coffee, while I ordered another Cutty Sark and water.

"Well," I said.

"Well, indeed," Gordie returned. "I got the tickets," he told his sister, moving aside the black leather-covered journal he'd deposited on the table.

"Still Mr. Pepys?" I asked.

"Yes — Mr. Pepys."

He grinned, but my eye noted under the healthy flush a slight strain in Gordie's expression as I faced him across the gleaming black formica. His smile was alive as ever, but there was an infinitesimal shadow of worry behind his eyes. They flicked once at me, then swerved about the room, taking in the gatherings of handsomely dressed men and women at the other tables. He glanced at me again, then dropped his head and toyed with the ashtray, and said, "Up late last night."

"Anything wrong?" I asked.

"No." He lifted his head. "No — nothing at all." He laughed and pulled his arms back as the waiter returned. His fist, doubled beside the coffee saucer, showed white knuckles.

"I was bored and I persuaded Gordie to bring me down to take in the bright lights," Ellie interposed gaily, again swizzling her nail in her drink. She darted a glance at her brother, then looked back at me. "We did all the spots."

I invited them to join me after the theatre for a late supper, but they declined. "Where are you staying?" I inquired.

"Pierre," Ellie answered, and "Commodore," said Gordie at the same time. "Isn't it a shame they've torn down the Astor," Ellie put in quickly, "that wonderful old hotel . . ."

But fraught with nuance. Ah-ha, I thought, there appears to be a mystery here; I put on my detective cap. It wasn't hard to figure out. Gordon Lord had a weekend assignation with some dewy-eyed creature from up the Hudson and Ellie, loyal sister that she was, was covering for him. And where, I wondered, was the curvy Barbara Baxter lurking at the moment? What was that line of Dorothy Parker's: "If all those sweet young things present were laid end to end I wouldn't be a bit surprised?"

"Actually, we're supposed to stay with a friend of mine over in Jersey," Gordie was saying with a sheepish half-laugh. "Hey, guess what," he added, almost an afterthought, "we're coming out to California this summer."

Bolt from the blue.

To stay with friends of the elder Lords. Who owned a boat. And going to Disneyland and Forest Lawn and Marineland and — Ellie's eyes sparkled with anticipation; or perhaps a less definable emotion, I couldn't tell.

Except I was due to leave for Europe in July and wouldn't get to see them at all.

"Do you still have the kite?"

I smiled back at her. Of course I still had the kite, wrapped and stored in my garage at the beach. "Did you want to fly it?"

"No — no, I was just — wondering. I was thinking about that summer — at Montauk." Her eyes rather moist, she darted another look at Gordie, sipping his cold coffee.

Just then the London contingent arrived and I said my goodbyes to the Lords and went to the other table. They were still sitting there, Ellie fiddling with her gloves, Gordie drumming his fingers on the cover of his journal, when I got up an hour later and we waved goodbye again. Two months later Gordon Lord was dead.

* * *

I watched June's face in the porch lamplight. Preoccupied, she kept looking to the door through which Ellie had disappeared some time before, absently stirring her untouched drink with her nail. I recalled the same gesture used by Ellie in the Oak Bar the previous spring; recalled, too, the mysterious way Gordie had behaved that evening.

"The only time we ever talk anymore is when we're saying dirty words to each other during sexual intercourse."

From upstairs came the sound of a phonograph record. June pushed with her foot and rocked the glider; it creaked as it moved. She put her head back against the pillows, listening to the music. Some emotion whose origin was not immediately apparent to me, welled from inside her; she started to laugh, found she couldn't, tried to hide the reaction behind her glass.

"I remember that song," I said.

"Yes." She acted more distrait, and it seemed to me that, with only the two of us there, alone, she wanted to talk. I had the feeling there was something she wished to be unburdened of, a sorrow that reached far deeper than the apparent tragedy of her son's death.

"June," I said, then again, "June. I wish I knew what to say. I *don't* — because there isn't anything *to* say — "

"Oh," she said, "look, you did. You said it all so beautifully in your — your letter." I thought she was going to break but she made fists in her lap. "We've kept it."

"Is it still terribly hard for you to talk about it?" I said.

She paused a moment; thought; said No. Said No, meant Yes.

Understandably so. It had been a terrible death. Out sailing one day with friends of their California hosts, the group on board passed a spot where an army of seals sat upon rocks. A foolish female guest, having had too many drinks, dived from the boat to have a closer view of the beasts. Realizing the danger, Gordon swam after to bring her back. Two of the bulls attacked him, crushing his body between their massive chests, tearing him apart with their tusks. He was dead before the boat could reach him. I learned of it upon my return from Europe.

But during the passing of a year, I thought, June would have relived this horror a thousand times over and it seemed strange that with the interval the wound would not have to some degree healed. Then I saw it was not the horrible manner of Gordie's dying that was causing her anguish, but something else entirely. Something which had not ended with his death, but was still continuing, right at that moment, there on the porch with the crickets zinging away outside and the moths feverish around the light, the ice cubes melting in my glass.

"God, June, don't," I said. "You can't — you mustn't do this to yourself." How different was her grieving expression at that moment from the look I had seen on Ellie's face in the afternoon. It wasn't like June to let something take that much hold on her. I said I thought it must have been much harder on Ellie than on herself, and June gave a short laugh, then covered her mouth with the back of her hand. She nodded mutely, but I could tell she meant it in an ironic way.

Finally her hand fell back in her lap; with a shudder she looked at me from where she sat on the glider and said in a very tired voice, "You're right. It's been much harder on Ellie than the rest of us. Bill is fine, or as fine as he'll ever be again, I suppose. And me — I'm fine too. I have to keep going for him. And I *want* to. We still have our life together and I can't let Gordie's being dead change that. But Ellie — ." She shrugged as if she could imagine no solution to the problem of Ellie, and yet from what I had observed at the cemetery, Ellie seemed much more emotionally contained, more stable, than did her mother at that moment. Ellie seemed to have suffered her ordeal, emerging scathed but accepting the fact of her brother's death and was even now picking up her life and putting the past behind.

"She seems to have a good grip on herself," I said, immediately regretting the fatuity of the remark.

"Oh, she does," June agreed with an odd, bitter smile whose significance I failed to grasp. The gold charms on her bracelet jingled as her hand described an equivocal gesture.

"And pretty soon," I reasoned, trying *somehow* to say *some*thing to *some* effect, "Ellie will be getting married and she'll have kids of her own and life will go on. She'll have a wonderful future."

Again it was the wrong thing. June controlled herself only by a violent physical effort and would have dropped her glass had I not quickly put out a hand and taken it from her. "Thank you," she said. "No, I'm afraid not. We won't be having grandchildren. Ellie is going to be" — she uttered the words with a wry twist — "an old maid."

I considered this to be her humor and said, bantering, "No man will have Our Nell, you mean? She's blighted?"

"Yes. Frankly. Ruined. There's no man for her."

"Not any? Not Charley Phelan?"

"No. Not any. Not even Charley. Ellie will never marry."

This was strange news.

"But has she told you this?" I asked.

"Yes. She's told me. We discussed it. Bill doesn't know," she added carefully.

There was another pause, a rather long one this time while she fingered her bracelet and tossed her hair back again. Then she spoke my name and I leaned to her from my chair. "Yes?" I said. I noticed her lipstick was one of the new pale shades and I saw how different it was from the bright reds she wore back in the 40's. Yet, I realized, it was the same mouth, the same two lips framing the words in a soft, even tone. "You see," she said, "they were lovers."

She looked out across the black lawn to where the branches of the elms either side of the street yearned for each other. Further along, some kid chased a Good Humor truck through the darkness, clamoring for a popsicle. The glider continued to squeak as it rocked. Upstairs, the record having ended, it was started again. For a moment it occurred to me June might be speaking of two others, not Gordon and Elinor Lord.

"Lovers," she repeated, as if I might not have heard, half smiling at the strangeness of the word. "Oh," she said, "I know you're going to say 'even in the best of families — .' "

"No," I said quietly, "I'm not going to say that. Did Ellie tell you this herself?"

"Not until I'd found out. Then she admitted it. They'd sent Gordie's things back from California. His clothes and shaving kit. Some books. There was his journal. I read it. I didn't feel it was prying. I had lost my son and these were the things he'd recorded about his life, about what he thought, what he'd done. I wanted to know. So I read. And on every page was Ellie. Every day. Everywhere. They'd been sleeping together since she was fourteen — it began that summer at Montauk. The night we came back from the dance at the yacht club and they went off to see the swans and we were planning his birthday party and — . She had a red flower in her hair, I remember. That was the first time. Right there on the beach. And then, when we got back, here in the house. In the car in a cornfield the night of Ellie's Senior Ball." She named the places dispassionately as though reciting a grocery list. The hotel in Geneva, the one in Lugano, in Rome. They hired a car somewhere on the Riviera and drove alone to St. Paul de Vence to see the Chagall stained glass windows. They stayed the weekend. Making love.

Gordie hadn't wanted to go to Yale, she went on, because Ellie could attend the University with him and they wouldn't have to be apart. It was like a hunger, their need to be together. They made love afternoons at the fraternity house when the rest were out watching the games. And down in New York. They always registered together at the Pierre or the Commodore; while the Commodore was more convenient to the theatres, the Pierre had the view of the park. In either case they used the one bed and rumpled the sheets in the second to fool the maid. Once they went down but didn't stay at either the Pierre *or* the Commodore. Somehow a mistake had been made or precautions hadn't been properly taken: she'd gotten pregnant. Pregnant by her own brother. She was going to have Gordie's child and he wanted her to go to a place in New Jersey to get rid of it. That was the night I'd run into them at the Oak Bar. They went to New Jersey; she got rid of the baby.

It was all there, day by day, on every page. Madness to have kept a journal, June said. She didn't *want* to know about it, would have rather gone to her grave not knowing. Yet, there it was. She despised herself for not having seen it, sensed it, sensed *something*. But there'd always been others

around, Charley Phelan, Barbara Baxter, a Joe, a Jane, dozens of others; who knew? how? who? what? it all had appeared proper. "Protective coloring," she laughed bleakly. "And he wrote it all so beautifully, really. So passionately, so tenderly."

She'd been gazing at her hands in her lap but now she lifted her head to look across at me and said, "He really could write, you know." I pictured again that night on the porch at Montauk and saw her smiling her rueful half-smile, knowing what I was thinking. Oh, that geranium bloom, blazing in the night. A red beacon. *Danger.*

"He truly adored her," she continued. "But he never wrote about her as 'she,' as an entity in her own right; it was always 'we.' We did this, we did that. As though they were a mated pair, like married people. And his words and figures of speech were always so clean and direct and honest, just what you'd have expected from Gordie. And romantic. I remember we talked about his becoming a doctor or a nuclear physicist — but he was a born romantic poet. Just as you said. Honestly, you'd have thought it was something the Brownings might have written, or one of the Rossettis. And always, when they were apart — even for a day or two — there was this absolute craving to be together. He jotted a note at the bottom of one page, obviously for a poem he intended to write, and I can't get it out of my head. He said, 'Love goes wandering like the beggar it is, and longs to share; yet will it languish starving, wretched creature.' But he'd crossed out both 'its' and written 'he' in their place. Underneath there was another note reminding himself to go into Willimantic and pick up a certain dress pattern he wanted her to make for the Christmas dance. Then, at the top of the next page — "

"June — "

"No, wait," she entreated, "just let me say it all. Just *once, let me say it.* He'd written this short scribble, very offhand. An aphorism, I think they call it. Remember Old Chris in our English Lit class and he — "

"June. Don't — "

She drew a quick, sharp breath but somehow could not refrain. "He wrote," she said, "something so beautiful, so original, so — Gordie. He said, 'Brief candles are best lit either end.' A college freshman. It all sounds like Heloise and Abelard or something. Heartbreaking. I kept thinking he was writing about someone else, not Ellie. But not so. It was she. My daughter. My son. My children. Lovers. He'd saved her letters too. They were there in the suitcase, though God knows why he dragged them around — ." Her voice caught for a moment and with a panicky look she put her hand to her throat.

"There was the summer Gordie lost that bet with Bert Newhall and had to harvest tobacco up in Hazardville. We took Ellie to Europe, partly for graduation, but partly because we thought she was mooning around over Charley Phelan that spring — Charley Phelan, my God." She seemed to be laughing at her own folly and ignorance; the irony of it fairly screamed. "We couldn't understand why Gordie wrote to her so often. But there were other letters he sent care of American Express that we didn't even know about."

"You showed her the letters?"

"I returned them. After all, they belonged to her. The journal I destroyed. In the furnace. I burned it. One page after the other. So Bill would never read it." She paused for a moment and looked at me again. She'd been close to crying several times, I knew, and her eyes were suffused with pain. "Are you shocked?" she asked in a wondering voice.

I considered for a moment, then: "No. Are you?"

"I was. At first. Not now. Not *now*," she repeated, changing the emphasis, a touch of asperity, anger almost, in her tone. "Disappointed. I'm disappointed. I lost Gordie and now I've lost Ellie too. They're both gone."

"*Christ*, June, Ellie's not *gone*!"

She nodded and, stretching her neck, laid her head on the back of the glider to stare up at the moths beating themselves to death against the light globe. "She's gone," she said. "She lives — somewhere else, now. I can't get to her. I can't talk to her — ."

"Have you tried? Have you discussed it with her?"

She shrugged. "Yes. As much as there was to talk about. Which was little enough. She didn't seem to mind my knowing. But before I found out, at least then we were able to speak about him as he *was* — as I *thought* he was, as everybody thought. But after I'd read the journal I was so sick I just didn't want to hear anything about him from her. And now she'll never marry. She — "

"Oh June, I don't think she means that — ."

"She does. I'm sure of it. She says she doesn't want any other man to touch her after Gordie. Not another man, ever. I told her she was young, that she'd gotten mixed up somehow, but that she had her whole life still ahead of her. She said no, she'd had it all already. I told her she mustn't, that time would — well, heal, isn't that the proper phrase? And maybe if we saw a doctor, she — I — I don't know *what* I said. Anything; everything; whatever, it didn't help."

But, I said, I'd just seen her, spoken with her. Had sat in this chair and listened to her. I said how impressed I'd been with her, how sure I was she'd gotten over the —

"Death? Yes, she has. But the rest of it — her *manner* — it's going to be her way, I guess."

"Her way?"

"Yes. Her way of getting through her life. When Gordie died, Ellie never went to pieces. She never cried or anything. She was just — Ellie. But now she's created a — a way. It's a facade that allows her to — " She groped for the word.

"Survive."

"Yes. A *modus operandi.* She's gone into hiding. She hardly ever leaves the house. People call, she gives an excuse. She sits up there in her room and reads his letters. The same letters, over and over and *over.*"

I waited for her to recover herself and then protested, "But June, for God's sake, what about you? You can't keep all this to yourself. Inside. It will destroy you. You've got to tell Bill and talk it out with him. He's your husband; he loves you. Maybe together you can arrive at some sort of solution."

She shook her head and I realized then how hopeless it was. How stupefyingly hopeless. Ellie Lord, spinster.

"No," June said jerkily, "it would kill Bill. I know it would. He worshipped Gordie so. And he dotes on Ellie. It would make him hate her so much. I couldn't do that. To either of them. So I have to pretend. For both their sakes."

"We all have to pretend one thing or another. It's the way of the world."

"Well then, there it is. So it'll be my secret. I guess people do live with such things. Or worse."

I knew this to be a fact, and said so.

She leaned to take my hand for a moment and squeezed it warmly. Then she got up and said, "Must have Bill oil this darn glider when he gets back." She looked so helpless. She'd said it all, there was nothing more to say, for either of us, except to thank each other, me for listening, June for having spoken.

Starting down the porch steps I heard again, from the upstairs window, the music I had recognized. It was a recording we'd danced to in high school, June and I, and now evidently Ellie had discovered it too. I think it used to be on Bluebird Records but had probably been re-released on an LP: Glenn Miller playing "Beautiful Ohio." I flashed a picture in my mind: Ellie Lord, sitting alone in her bedroom, remembering a waltz in the snow while she read again the love letters Gordon Lord sent her in Europe while he was hacking tobacco up in Hazardville.

"Come tomorrow if you can," June offered as I crossed the grass to my car. "We're having a real Memorial Day picnic after the parade. German potato salad and everything."

I got in and released the brake. June stood on the steps waving; when she dropped her hand it came to rest just below her breast, and it seemed to me she was feeling for her broken heart. Rolling the car silently down the drive, I heard her last words floating softly over the wet lawn.

"He really *could* write, you know." □

"You killed it, you cook it."

HALF-PAST SUMMER

You're a bit sad, a little weary, elegant with languid abandon. Leave him and his money behind and drift coolly away in Chic-to-Chuck: a floor-length rayon matte jersey beige skirt, cut on five gores, snug at hips, 5 yards full at hem — $155.00. Matching halter — $25.00. Floor-length matching cardigan coat — $200.00. Turban scarf — $20.00. His suit, French cut, single breasted, peak lapels, 100% Fibranne in butter beige — $245.00. Butterfly bow tie, hand beaded bronze beads on navy — $20.00. Dress tilly-front shirt, 100% cotton — $20.00. Beige raffine straw fedora work hat with multi-striped band — $42.50.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JEAN PAGLIUSO

HALF-PAST SUMMER

You're a bit sad, a little weary, elegant with languid abandon. Leave him and his money behind and drift coolly away in Cheek-to-Cheek, a floor-length rayon matte jersey beige skirt, cut on five gores, snug at hips 5 yards full at hem — $165.00. Matching halter — $25.00. Floor-length matching cardigan coat — $200.00. Turban scarf — $20.00. His suit, French cut, single breasted, peak lapels, 100% Fibranne in butter beige — $245.00. Butterfly bow tie, hand-beaded bronze beads on navy — $20.00. Dress fly-front shirt, 100% cotton — $20.00. Beige raffine straw lattice work hat with multi-striped band — $42.50

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JEAN PAGLIUSO

Crochet collar and pockets on beige wool boucle cardigan, bone buttons, self-belted—$57.00. Chinese silk print head scarf—$12.00

He's taken aback by your cleverness, your beauty, your intense love of life. Don't be swayed. Holding "Thornton" closer, step lightly through mahogany doors in the Divine Miss M named after you know who . Short to knee, leggy 50's mood, beige cotton knit dress wearable into evening. Shirred in front, shoulder halter—$30.00. Envelope . clutch English leather bag—$90.00.

Another day, another mood, and suddenly he's deliciously Fitzgerald. Play to his look in Foxy Lady Time, a 100% rayon challis short, print beige dress, large plastic buttons—$36.00. Floppy, brimmed, natural straw hat—$35.00. His shirt, Italian silk crepe de chine, ink green—$70.00. Tied-over-shoulders, Shetland silk camel sweater—$45.00. Tunnel-looped, sea island green, 100% wool gabardine trousers—$55.00. Narrow, suede inset, ink green belt—$22.00. Sun shades—$18.00.

Her pants—gray corduroy, elastic waistband, two attached pockets—$35.00. Striped challis shirt—$35.00. Gray, handknit, cable stitch sweater—$60.00. Gray man's corduroy pants, two attached pockets—$35.00. Hawaiian print shirt—$40.00. Two-tone, handknit sweater—$45.00.

Photographed at the famed Coronado Hotel, Coronado, California, styling by Kristine St. Krik.
Where to buy page 123

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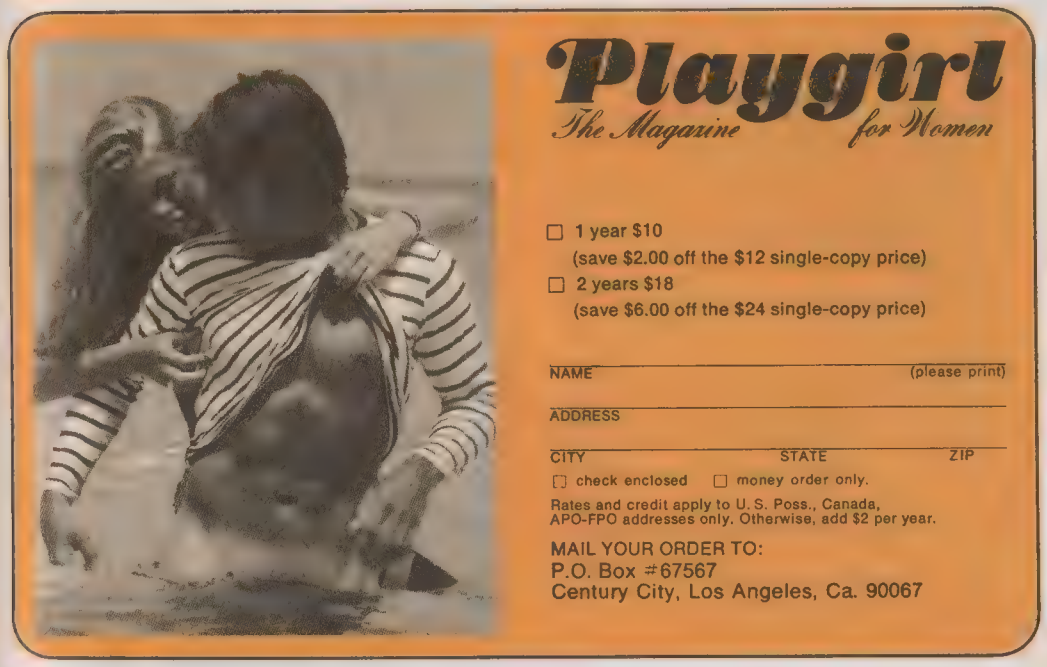

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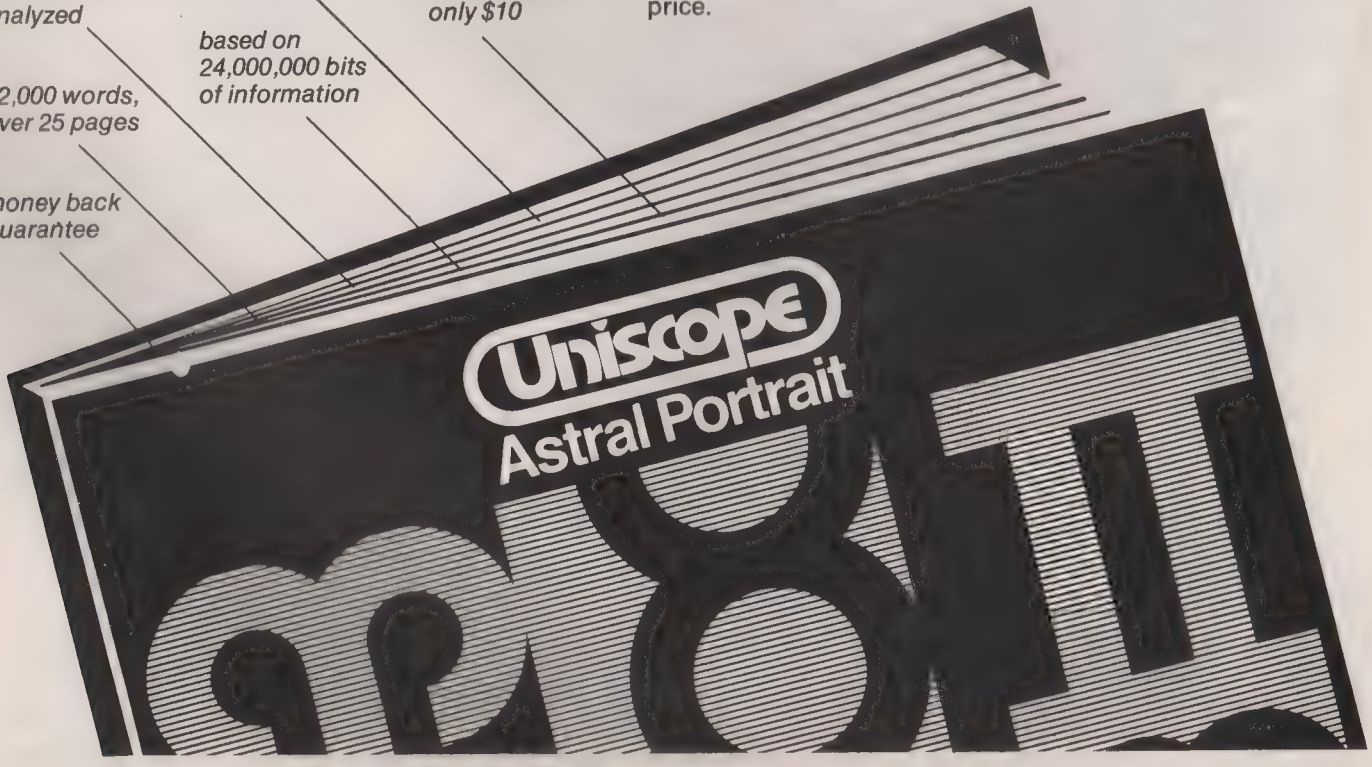

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WOMEN & TAXES

(continued from page 95)

you do not have to include this amount in your taxable income. But, if there is no specific mention of child support, even if you use the money for this purpose, you will have to include all of it.

So try to minimize the amount of actual alimony for you and specify as much as you can for child support. Your husband will fight this because he cannot deduct child support, so be clever. Do you drive your child to school? Justify more for child support if this is what you spend on keeping up the car, and so forth. It will not matter if you actually live on some of this, as long as it says child support in the agreement or the decree. But avoid that word alimony. It will shaft you every time.

You do not have to pay taxes on installments of a fixed sum which is payable to you over ten years or less. And if it is payable over a longer period, as long as it is a fixed amount, your taxes on this during the taxable year cannot be more than 10% of the total sum. But be careful about the effect of death, remarriage, or change in the economic status of you or your ex-husband as a basis for altering the payments, since this can cause a non-taxable fixed sum to be considered periodic, and consequently, as taxable to you.

Remember, also, that if you use a lawyer in your divorce or separation, and he gets you alimony or support which turns out to be taxable to you, you can deduct the costs of the legal services. Also, if there is a child and you do provide more than 50% of the support, you are entitled to claim the child as a deduction, not your ex-husband.

A final tip. If you live or own property in Arizona, California, Idaho, Louisiana, Nevada, New Mexico, Texas, or Washington State, special complications may arise because of the rules of community property in those states. You may end up paying taxes on property you thought you no longer owned if the law says that the "community" exists even if the marriage no longer does.

Women are raped by taxes because of the prejudices of our society, but they can fight back by learning the ropes and by seeking expert advice. Total gratification requires total freedom, and total freedom requires economic freedom. Taxes, unjustly imposed, limit that freedom, but enlightenment is the first step towards change. □

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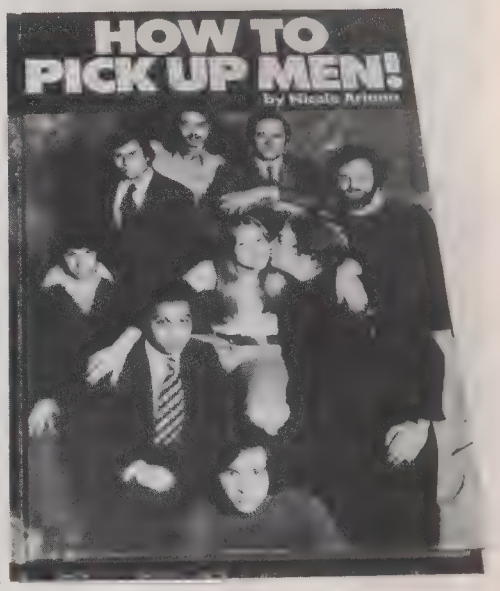

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Nicole Ariana is the secret name of one of the world's greatest lovers. In real life she is a top editor for America's most glamorous single woman's magazine. Nicole is not pretty, not young, and certainly does not have a great figure. Yet, she has discovered an amazing way to meet and win the kind of men most women dream about. Just a few months ago Nicole was dining by herself in the restaurant of a luxurious Hollywood hotel. Across the room she noticed a distinguished executive also dining alone. Most women would have waited for him to make the first move. (And most likely he never would have.) But Nicole, using the amazing techniques you will learn in this book, spent a heavenly, romantic evening with the man. Since that time he has literally ***begged*** Nicole to marry him no less than five times!

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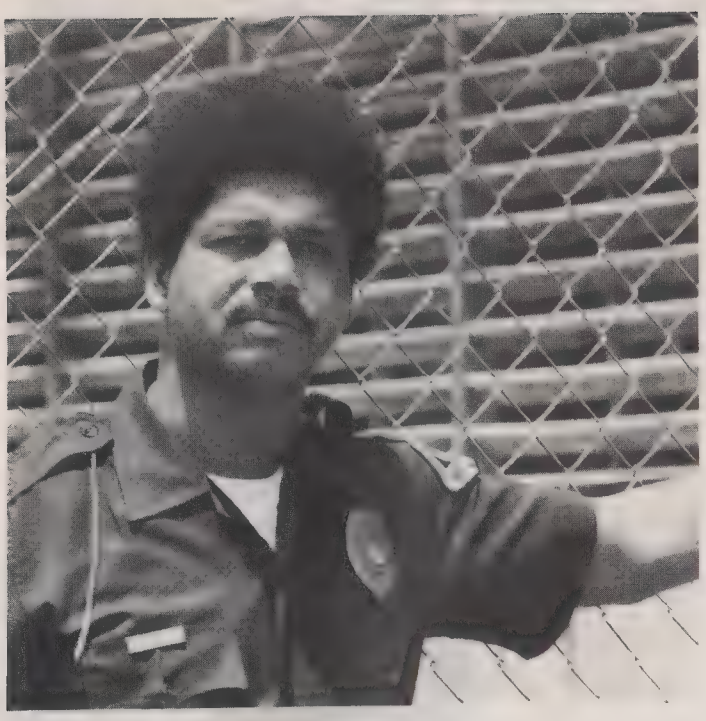


Jeff Carr

A five-and-a-half year veteran with the Pasadena Police Department, officer Jeff Carr has an insatiable appetite for involvement. Working a 10-hour night watch shift, Jeff patrols the streets during what police consider "the most active hours." "I've always seen a lot, maybe too much," he admits. "But nothing really surprises me. As a kid, I was confronted with every situation imaginable. And for as long as I can remember, I wanted to be involved in professional sports or police work. I guess being an M.P. in the Army pushed me toward the latter." An impressive six feet, three inches, Jeff plays forward on the Pasadena Basketball Team in the California Police Olympics. An inveterate get it on-er, Jeff welcomes a rough workout on the tennis court, then off to the beach or other activities before reporting to work. His night life squelched during the week, Jeff makes up for it with three-day weekends. He favors good food, new movies, swinging resorts, and music. His favorite beat? "Jazz and soul, what else?"

Macho x 3=

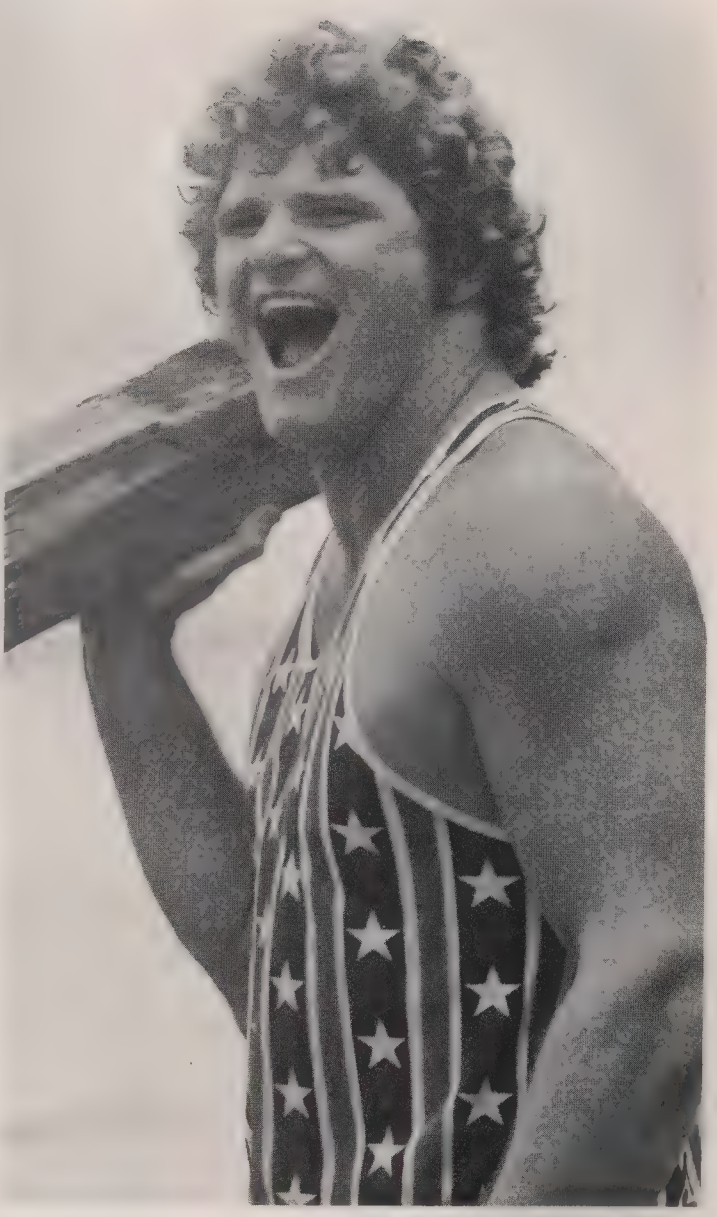
PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVID MEYER

Alan Waite

When it comes to the Hollywood world of hyphenates, Alan Waite is a master of all trades. President of Alan Waite Productions, our bachelor at forty-three is a producer-actor-manager-musician-public relations man-columnist-film maker-disc jockey-director-film award winner, and soon-to-be millionaire who has produced several movies, over 500 television commercials, educational television films, and documentaries. Somehow, he remains soft-spoken and dedicated. "I'd always wondered what it would feel like to be a producer. Now that I am one, I don't feel any different. I realize that when trying to make a mark in the world, you never feel fulfilled. Each step only allows you to go on to another . . . hopefully, you never stop growing." Currently working on two television specials and "The Caper," a feature length film which will star musician Al Hirt, Alan is content. "Every day of my life is different from the day before. Sometimes, I worked my ass off. Sometimes, I've lived as a pauper, but hell, it's been worth it — and, it's been fun."

Brian Oldfield

One of the most colorful figures in pro track and field, Brian Oldfield currently holds the World Indoor Shot Put Record of 70′ 10½″! A 6′5″, 265-lb. giant, Brian pursues a life-style that shocks and amazes both fans and competitors; he smokes at meets, competes in tight, revealing red briefs, consumes huge quantities of alcohol, and enjoys the constant company of a number of beautiful women. Coming from near-oblivion to replace defending Gold Medalist Randy Matson on the '72 Olympic Shot Put Team, Brian was born in a small Illinois town where the "people weren't particularly sports-minded. I had the tendency to learn only what was necessary at the time. As I began to travel for meets and athletic events, I noticed that the harder I tried, the "luckier" I got. I soon realized that there was a whole world of professional sports out there that I hadn't even begun to see." Since leaving Middle Tennessee State University, and an instructor's position at a correctional school in Joliet, Illinois, Brian has joined the International Track Association to become that organization's leading money winner. He's been asked to I.T.A.'s invitational "Super Star" meet to compete against other outstanding athletes for $250,000 in prize money. After these Super Star trials he'll attend the "Scottish Highland Professional Games" where emphasis is on feats of strength from ancient Scottish tradition. (He's already broken 5 of 6 records at America's version of the Scottish Games held in June.) Ambitious, outspoken, fast-living, and loudly proclaiming he'd rather compete in the nude, Brian's friends term him "Oldfield the Uninhibited." Add untapped reservoirs of strength and phenomenal ability in almost every aspect of track and field and you have a man who may very likely become a legend in his own time — both on the field and off.



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It's what you don't know that can hurt you.

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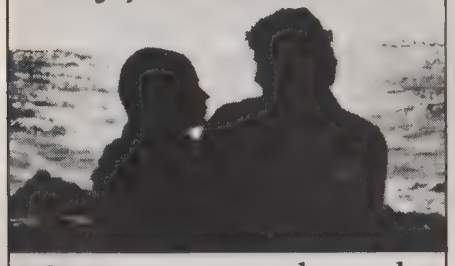

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Fatties Arise!

(continued from page 85)

There are only two conditions under which your diencephalon can be induced to part willingly with its fixed fat reserves: one, if you are literally scared out of your mind, in a "famine" or "desperate energy crisis" situation; the other, if you should become pregnant.

The first mechanism is why plump people marooned in air crashes and such can survive for a month or more on their fixed fat storage reserves, while their skinnier companions promptly starve to death.

The second situation — pregnancy — provides the clue, and the method, for the Simeons weight-loss treatment.

THE SIMEONS METHOD

Pregnant women produce HCG (human chorionic gonadotrophin), a hormone, in great quantities. One of the many functions of HCG is to release stored fat deposits and make the fuel they contain available to the rapidly growing fetus. A combination of daily injections of HCG, plus a carefully supervised, rigorously followed 500-calorie diet, enables you to lose weight rapidly and safely.

500 CALORIES? IMPOSSIBLE!

"Another impossible starvation diet!" you cry. "No way!"

But no one is asking you to stay with an unreasonable diet without help — the help that you get from the energy being released every day from your fixed fat deposits. Each shot of HCG releases about 2,000 calories from your fixed fat storage areas; this, added to the 500 carefully balanced calories of your diet, gives you 2,500 calories a day to *use up* — and get thin.

DON'T TRY TO DO IT ON YOUR OWN

It is undesirable, unhealthy, and sometimes even dangerous for anyone to attempt to stick to a 500-calorie daily food intake for an extended period of time without the daily HCG injections. If you attempt to do this, you will merely deplete your normal fat reserves; you won't feel good, you won't look good, you will be hungry and irritable, and your body may react even more violently to the continued lack of nourishment.

Obesity is a *disease*. Look upon the HCG + D (diet) regimen as a medical treatment for an illness.

HCG injections without following the strict diet are virtually useless if your goal is to lose weight; it is the combination of injections plus the diet that works.

Medical supervision by a competent, trained physician is a *must*. It is also preferable that your physician be a specialist in weight loss, rather than a GP or your regular doctor, who will have no special knowledge or understanding of obesity, and possibly little sympathy with your problem. Look for a physician who is a member of the American Society of Bariatric Physicians, and rejoice that there is at last a medical group dedicated to the problems of the obese or overweight.

Dr. B. D. Howland, President of the Society, put it this way:

"Bariatrics and nutrition are given short shrift in our teaching institutions. Most teach that obese persons are simply gluttons. Firmly indoctrinated with that conclusion, the eager medical student goes on to study the exotic, rare blood and guts of "real" medicine and disease.

"The experienced bariatrician cannot accept the simplistic gluttony label attached to obesity. We know that pathological obesity is of epidemic proportions and that obese persons have probably, in the past, been the most medically neglected patients of our time. Because of the misconceptions about obesity and allied diseases, the obese (and therefore ill) person resorts to so-called "service organizations," over-the-counter nostrums, etc., because too few physicians study the in-depth complexities of obesity . . .

(We) are just beginning to understand the vital role bariatrics *must* play in the health and well-being of millions who now suffer premature disability or death because of the "quiet killer" — obesity.

Bariatricians see obesity for what it is: a *disease*. If unchecked or untreated, it can and often does lead to a host of other serious physical disorders, such as high blood pressure, heart failure, diabetes, etc., etc., etc.

NO DOCTOR IS PERFECT

A busy bariatrician may be hard put to give you the time and support you may need and want during the treatment. The success of the treatment will ultimately depend on you. If you take your need to lose weight seriously, you will want to shop around carefully for the

doctor or clinic that offers you the most. The 500-calorie diet itself varies considerably from doctor to doctor, and so do the details of the treatment. My doctor — James Julian — isn't "perfect," either; realistically *no* busy and successful doctor could possibly give me all the time I'd like to bitch and moan about how hard it is to lose weight; but he knows a tremendous amount about the treatment of obesity and can answer all my questions.

Be sure to get at least 6 shots a week for the most rapid and consistent weight loss. The shots can either be administered in the doctor's office, or if you prefer, you can learn to inject yourself, returning to the doctor's office once a week for a weigh-in and any modifications in the treatment that may be necessary. A good doctor will also take the time to check you for other possibly complicating conditions, such as hypoglycemia or low thyroid, and will modify the treatment accordingly. Once you have chosen a doctor, follow the diet and the instructions to the letter. You must drink 6 to 8 glasses of water a day, combined with a balanced diet which includes measured portions of meat, shellfish, chicken breasts, fruits and vegetables, coffee or tea — and that's *it!*

After a series of 40 injections, the crafty diencephalon realizes that you are not really pregnant. It develops a temporary immunity to the shots, which lasts from 4 to 6 weeks. Hopefully, if you are not too overweight, you will be able to lose *all* your excess weight during the first series. Average weight loss during the first series is about 35 pounds. If you have less than 35 pounds to lose, you begin weight stabilization when you reach your desired weight.

If you need to lose more weight than that, you may start a second series after the 4 to 6 week period.

Weight stabilization is just as important as the weight loss program itself, so be sure to inquire in advance from any prospective doctors whether a careful weight stabilization program is provided.

Dr. Julian's weight stabilization program involves *slow* increases from the 500-calorie a day level, plus a once-a-week shot of HCG, until you arrive at your own individual calorie number (the amount of calories you can safely consume without gaining weight).

COST OF THE PROGRAM

Cost of the Simeons treatment will vary, depending on where you live. In Los Angeles, where many people in the entertainment industry are understandably concerned with maintaining their best possible weight, you can obtain treatment readily for about $3 per shot, plus an initial visit fee which may be from about $25 to $50. "Package deals" are also available, from about $100 up.

PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEMS

In some cases, overweight has other aspects besides the strictly physical mechanism of storing fat. You may subconsciously *want* or *need* to be fat, due to the emotional constellations of your life. Perhaps you have assumed a "fat role" in life, which would be jeopardized if you became skinny, gorgeous, and energetic, instead of plump and pathetic. If your psyche insists that you *need* to be fat, your doctor can help by referring you for psychological treatment, which might take the form of analysis, a Rolfing group, Reichian therapy, or whatever would be appropriate for you.

STAYING THIN

Remember that obesity is never "cured," merely controlled. You have lost your abnormal fat reserves, and if you do not abuse your body by overeating, you will be able to maintain your weight, feel and look better, and probably live longer because you will not subject your body to the many other illnesses caused by the constant physical strain of obesity.

The closest thing to a cure comes when you change your body image and refuse to be fat. If you gain a pound, skip a meal; if you gain three pounds over your ideal weight and cannot seem to lose it, go back to your doctor for a few daily shots until you do.

For the name of a bariatrics specialist in your area, contact the American Society of Bariatric Physicians, 333 West Hampden Avenue, Englewood, Colorado. □

WHERE TO BUY,
Half-Past Summer—Fashions

Pp. 110-111, Cheek-to-Cheek skirt, halter, cardigan coat, turban scarf at Reva's Boutique, 9612 Brighton Way, Beverly Hills, Ca. His suit at Mike Bain, 8491 Sunset Blvd., L.A., Ca.

Pp. 112, The Divine Miss M at Reva's Boutique, 9612 Brighton Way, Beverly Hills, Ca.

Pp. 113, Cardigan sweater, Chinese silk print head scarf at Biip Bop, 8634 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, Ca.

Pp. 114, Foxy Lady Time by Karen Alexander at Joseph Magnin's, Bloomingdale's, Bonwit Teller. Hat from Reva's, 9612 Brighton Way, Beverly Hills, Ca. His shirt, sweater, trousers, belt, sun shades at Mike Bain, 8491 Sunset Blvd., L.A., Ca.

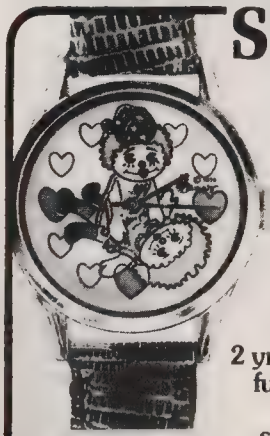
Pp. 115, His/Her pants, shirts, sweaters at Maxfield Bleu, 9091 Santa Monica Blvd., L.A., Ca.

Why Are You A Poor Talker?

A noted publisher in Chicago reports a simple technique of everyday conversation which can pay you real dividends in social and business advancement and works like magic to give you poise, self-confidence and greater popularity.

According to this publisher, many people do not realize how much they could influence others simply by what they say and how they say it. Whether in business, at social functions, or even in casual conversations with new acquaintances there are ways to make a good impression every time you talk.

To acquaint the readers of this publication with the easy-to-follow rules for developing skill in everyday conversation, the publishers have printed full details of their interesting self-training method in a new booklet, "Adventures in Conversation," which will be mailed free to anyone who requests it. No obligation. Send your name, address, and zip code to: Conversation, 555 E. Lange St., Dept. 819-00, , Mundelein, Ill. 60060. A postcard will do.



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CIRCUMCISION

(continued from page 77)

later, I felt a certain depression setting in. In spite of all the gentle admonitions to the male to pay some attention to his eager partner, the woman was, nonetheless, being left behind in a sea of erotic forget-me-nots.

Then a few days later, my best friend treated herself to the circumcision, cheered on by enthusiastic reports from another friend. I felt supported now; calling their mutual doctor, I made an appointment determined to have some questions answered.

The doctor was great. Enthusiastic, direct, informative, he was able to explain a great deal more than the library had.

The clitoris is made of sensitive nerve endings that reach out to the labia, labia minora, and the outer 30 percent or so of the vaginal muscles. So, when these nerves are stimulated, it often feels that the sensations come from the vagina. Not so. The clitoris should get the credit.

The clitoris responds well to both direct and indirect pressures, providing they aren't too forceful. However, an awesome 75 percent of women are hindered from feeling the full extent of these sensations, due to a condition which is most commonly known as a "hooded clitoris."

This hood, or prepuce, is either too long or too thick (sometimes both), and the clitoris lies buried, forgotten, but by no means gone. Which leads us to the subject of circumcision.

Male circumcision has, of course, been going on since the beginning of man's history. The Aztecs, Egyptians, Aborigines, the Christians, Jews, and Moslems all have incorporated this practice into their societies. The accepted reasoning being that it's more hygienic; one might also consider that it does render a man a bit more sensitive to sensual pleasure.

Female circumcision is strictly done for pleasure. And it works in most cases. Many women simply do not need the alteration, while others suffer some psychological problems that prevent them from reaching orgasm, no matter what. In these latter cases, the doctor refers them to other means of help.

Sometimes the clitoris is especially small and the removal of the foreskin can make little improvement. In this case, women are often given hormone shots to bring their clitoris to normal size and function.

The doctor and I spent a little more time mentally exploring the mythical clitoris. He was concerned, however, that women might expect this minor operation to change their lives and raise the rooftops, sexually and otherwise. "The biggest thing, ultimately, is trust," he said. "If a woman trusts a man totally, so that she can be herself completely, she is most likely, from a psychological standpoint, going to have a good response.

"A sexual experience is really a sharing experience. Each one simply does his or her own thing while they're sharing each other's body. You cannot give your body away, you cannot belong to anybody. But: you *can* share."

Of course, if two people have this total trust in one another, and there are still problems, physical, mechanical hang-ups, often something can be done surgically to improve on nature. Over 50 percent of people in the United States have had corrective or plastic surgery performed on their genitalia.

The circumcision has done wonders in improving relations between two people, the doctor pointed out.

Taking a deep breath, I asked him if he would examine me to see if the circumcision would improve my more lusty moments. He asked me several clinical questions about my sexual habits and appetites and made some mental notes. Then into the examination room.

As is my wont, I asked more questions. What about over-sensitivity of the clitoris after the removal of its "protection?" And how about tight pants? and so forth. He patiently explained that it is still well protected by the outer lips and that even during intercourse, the clitoris seldom comes into direct contact with the penis. And manual contact should be encouraged to be gentle anyway.

He asked me to pay close attention to the difference in pressure as he first applied a light touch to the clitoris in its hooded, natural state, and then another touch to the clitoris with its prepuce pulled back. The difference was quite distinct and favorable.

Stepping back, he explained that in my particular case the operation would be successful though not drastically so. He asked me to consider it for myself. It took me a full minute; I decided to try it.

We made an appointment for two days later and shook hands to seal the deal.

I went afterwards to another friend's house for her respected opinion to this adventure. She listened in complete silence until I was through. Then she leaned over and very quietly said, "Why are you telling *me* about this? I'm *perfectly* satisfied with my sex life . . . !"

Later, still a little shaky from her reaction, I stopped at the neighborhood market where I ran into another friend. She got to the point immediately: "Have you heard what Susan has done?"

I assured her that I had heard.

"Well?"

I told her I thought the idea was great and was having it done myself. With a blank expression, she picked up some catfood, managed a feeble smile, and fled.

Then and there, I decided to make the circumcision a point of conversation, risking controversy, flaunting convention, to find out just why people dealt with this so awkwardly.

The majority of the reactions were far more encouraging in the long run. The women eagerly asked questions and wanted to know everything, and the men giggled foolishly, pulling their chairs in a little closer.

The doctor had told me earlier that the men were often more enthusiastic than the women. "The greatest turn-on to a healthy, happy male is a sexually responsive woman. And, conversely, nothing turns a guy off as much as an unresponsive, turned-off woman." It made good sense.

The day arrived and I was jittery and more than convinced that I was entering the mad, barbaric world of the wanton libertine. But my pride, and more than a little of my curiosity, was completely involved by now, and as I entered the treatment room, I was determined to see it through.

First the pubic area was sterilized with an alcohol cleansing.

When I saw the hypodermic filled with Xylocaine, the pain-killer used in local anesthetics, I took a deep breath. And, of course, it stung; the prepuce is as delicate and sensitive an area as any. It was not unlike the initial ouch! of a dentist's needle which is there for one instant and gone the next. Soon the foreskin was deadened and the surgical stage began.

One can loosely imagine the foreskin as a triangle, with the clitoris underneath and located somewhere close

to the middle of this triangle. The doctor made an eliptical incision from the base of the triangle to its tip. This left two loose flaps which were then removed. The remaining flaps were sutured, dusted with an antiseptic powder, and the operation was over. All in a matter of some twenty minutes.

I was a little stunned by the simplicity of it all. I got up, walking around gingerly, expecting the unexpected. But all was well. We laughed over my needless nerves and the doctor wrote a prescription for some salve and mild pain killers. He wanted to check me the next day, advised me to wait one to two weeks before intercourse, and sent me on my way. My doctor charged me $50; others charge a little more. And, since he had been performing this piece of minor surgery for thirteen years, I felt it was a bargain at that.

I drove myself home and had very little discomfort in sitting or moving. After a few hours' rest, I was able to go to a party that evening. Some little pangs of discomfort, not quite pain, came and went for that day and the next, but nothing of any major proportions.

By the sixth day, vague little feelings of sensation perked up every once in a while. I was beginning to look forward to being other than an invalid.

Finally, the Moment of Truth, the Denouement, the Crowning Glory. The weeks of reading and waiting were justified after all.

There were no stars, bells, or strains of angelic chorus in the background. I saw no fireworks, heard no organ music, and was still aware that I was where I was. But the orgasm as I had known it, had suddenly been elevated to a new position of glory and lofty power.

Something had happened with the usual tension, that responsibility of reaching an orgasm: the *strain* had been taken away. It just happened easier. One friend says about her orgasms now: "There's no more 'Oh thank God I did it!!' now. It's warm and so much easier." Her man, overhearing the conversation, looks over, smiles and nods knowingly.

My friend, Susan, smiles almost secretly: "It's far more sensuous, more than anything I've ever experienced, really . . . somehow, my orgasm reminds me of honey now, slow and very sensuous."

So it would seem that this wonder of modern science, coupled with True Love and Total Trust might be a giant step in the right direction. □

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NEW YORK—Do you really want to lose weight? Not just an itsi-bitsi ounce a week or a puny pound a month, but all that sagging flesh that adds years to your age, spoils your looks and destroys your figure! If you have failed to permanently slim down before, why don't you try what a number of successful fat-fighters have done and stuff your tummy full while watching the bulges disappear like magic overnite?

How would you like to wake up tomorrow and discover you're 3 pounds less? And more youthful and slimmer each succeeding day! The secret? It's easy once you forget all your old notions about dieting. You probably failed before because you couldn't withstand the bland formulas, hunger pangs and tiresome calorie counting that the average diet demanded.

Enlightened individuals are now rejecting the traditionally dismal diet doctrines as unworkable for the typically overweight man or woman. Enthusiastic participants from coast to coast are winning the battle of the bulge by eating as much as they can hold while laughing all the way to the clothing store for new outfits.

The author of their happy slim state, M. de Ville, a fat-fighting failure of many years who admits to having little will power, seems to have stumbled onto a satisfying sure-fire system. Desperately searching for an effortless way to lose weight, he dedicated himself to exploding the mysteries of nutrition and weight control and finally substituted the complex columns of vitamins, calories, fats, proteins and carbohydrates for simple ratio numbers covering most foods. His adherents merely choose from 35 common foods which have ratio factor designations between 4 and 10 and they lose weight extremely fast. No hunger hangups, no counting, no measuring, no exercise. Just eat! After 15 pounds have vanished they graduate to a higher factor category to include selections from 60 foods. Only seven in a thousand reported poor results.

Taking only a minute or two to learn, the method has recently been printed in a limited booklet edition. "This Digital Diet Method — A Super Speed Slimming and Rejuvenating System of Food Selection". It can be obtained by sending $2 to Hartford Publishing, Dept. 126, 79 Savage Road, Denville, N.J. 07834. If your weight problem has seemed unbeatable, you owe it to yourself to clip this article now and request a copy right away. They pledge a refund if you fail to lose 8-12 pounds the first week, so don't waste another second suffering while ugly fat robs you of attractive youthful vitality. Copyright 1973. Hartford Pub. Corp.

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Of Love, Death

(continued from page 96)

he wants control, and I'll give him control of my life. She gave them control of her death, as well as her life.

"She went along with anything the doctors said, without wanting to find out more about her own body. She deferred to my father's wishes as far as the freezing thing was concerned, even though his reason for wanting it was to ease his own conscience, or so I believe. I think it's wrong to try to tamper with life and death. It violates the natural order of things. The life cycle is part of nature, and nature is built on harmony, and man with his science and his technology is destroying that harmony.

"My mother wasn't an angry person, but in the last year of her life we began to talk about a woman's role in marriage and society, and I think she was beginning to accept some of the things women's lib is saying. My own consciousness as a woman is still emerging, but I tried to let her know what was on my mind, and she understood. She always understood me better than anyone. I know she would have liked to start a career, to travel more and experience more. But it's difficult for a woman her age and in her position to find work that relates to the rest of her life. It just wasn't the thing to do for a woman of her generation, and I don't think my father would have accepted it."

Jennie said she thought the freezing had given some comfort to her father and brother. It gave them something to hold onto, and it made them feel that they had done all they possibly could have for Nancy. As for Jennie, her only consolation was that her mother, a Pisces, a water sign, had gone back to the water (liquid nitrogen). Also, that Nancy had never liked hot climates. "She could always take cold better than heat," Jennie said. "The desert always knocked her out."

So Nancy Brody, age 51 now, rests in a stainless steel capsule full of liquid nitrogen. The capsule is locked inside a vault on cemetery property in northern New Jersey, and Nancy shares the capsule with another woman, the deceased wife of a New York policeman. Will one of them wake up someday on an operating table to peer into the eyes of 21st . . . 22nd . . . 23rd-Century scientists?

There is a verse from Tennyson's "In Memoriam," which goes:

Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last — far off — at last to all,
And every winter change to spring.

Good luck, Nancy. □

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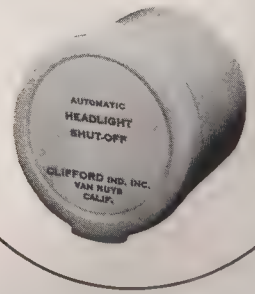

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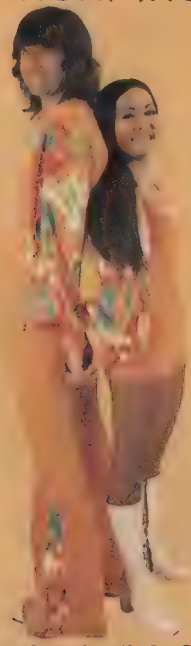

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   I am Single ☐ Married ☐ Sex: Female ☐ Male ☐
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7. Did you find any of PLAYGIRL'S photographs or text objectionable? _____
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11. Would you like to see more male nudes? Yes ☐ No ☐
12. Who would you like to see in forthcoming centerfolds?
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14. Are there other features you would like *added* to our contents?
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17. Added comments: _____
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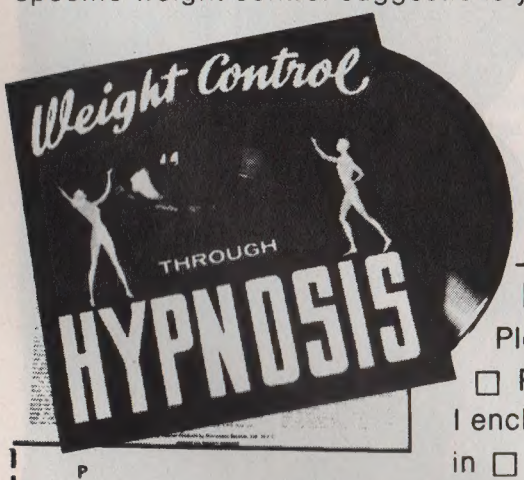

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